THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

Established August 4, 1821. Whole Number Issued 1895.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ORDER TO FORAGE.

My adventure did not end with the day; it was continued into the night, and repeated in my dreams. I rode the chase over again; I dashed through the magueys, I leaped the *zequia*, and galloped through the affrighted herd; I beheld the spotted mustang stretched lifeless upon the plain, its rider bending and weeping over it. That face of rare beauty, that form of exquisite proportions, that eye rotund and noble, that tongue so free, and heart so bold—all were again encountered in dreamland. A dark face was in the vision, and at intervals crossed the picture like a cloud. It was the face of Ijurra.

I think it was that awoke me, but the *reveille* of the bugle was in my ears as I leaped from my couch.

For some moments I was under the impression that the adventure had been a dream; an object that hung on the opposite wall came under my eyes, and recalled the reality—it was my saddle, over the holsters of which lay a coil of white horsehair rope, with a silver ring at the end. I remembered the lazo.

When fairly awake, I reviewed my yesterday's adventure from first to last. I tried to think calmly upon it; I tried to get it out of my thoughts, and return seriously to my duties. A vain attempt! The more I reflected upon the incident, the more I became conscious of the powerful interest its heroine had excited within me. Interest, indeed! Say rather *passion*—a passion that in one single hour had grown as large as my heart!

It was not the *first* love of my life. I was nigh thirty years of age. I had been enamored before—more than once, it may be—and I understood what the feeling was. I needed no Cupid to tell me I was in love again—to the very ends of my fingers.

To paint the object of my passion is a task I shall not attempt. Beauty like hers must be left to the imagination. Think of the woman you *yourself* love or have loved; fancy her in her fairest moments, in bower or boudoir—perchance a blushing bride—and you may form some idea— *No*, no, no! you could never have looked upon woman so lovely as Isolina de Vargas.

Oh! that I could fix that floating phantom of beauty—that I could paint that likeness for the world to admire! It cannot be. The most pulsant pen is powerless, the brightest color too cold. Though deeply graven upon the tablets of my heart, I cannot multiply the impression.

It is idle to talk of wavy hair, profuse and glossed—of almond eyes with long dark fringes—of pearl-white teeth, and cheeks tinted with damascene. All these had she, but they are not peculiar characteristics. Other women are thus gifted. The traits of *her* beauty lay in the intellectual as much as the physical—in a happy combination of both. The soul, the spirit, had its share in producing this incomparable picture. It was to behold the play of those noble features, to watch the changing cheek, the varying smile, the falling lash, the flashing eye, the glance now tender, now sublime—it was to look on all this, to be impressed with an idea of the divinest loveliness.

* * * * * * * *

As I ate my frugal breakfast, such a vision was passing before me. I contemplated the future with pleasant hopes, but not without feelings of uneasiness. I had not forgotten the abrupt parting—no invitation to renew the acquaintance, no hope, no prospect that I should ever behold that beautiful woman again, unless blind chance should prove my friend.

I am not a fatalist, and I therefore resolved not to rely upon mere destiny, but, if possible, to help it a little in its evolution.

Before I had finished my coffee, a dozen schemes had passed through my mind, all tending towards one object—the renewal of my acquaintance with Isolina de Vargas. Unless favored by some lucky accident, or, what was most desirable, *by the lady herself*, I knew we might never meet again. In such times, it was not likely she would be much "out of doors;" and in a few days, hours perhaps, *I* might be ordered *en route* nevermore to return to that interesting outpost. As the district was, of course, under martial law, and I was *de facto* dictator, you will imagine that I might easily procure the right of entry anywhere. Not so. Whatever be the license of the rude soldier as regards the common people of a conquered country, the position of the officer with its higher class is essentially different. If a gentleman, he naturally feels a delicacy in making any advances towards an acquaintance; and his honor restrains him from the freer forms of introduction. To take advantage of his position of power would be a positive meanness, of which a true gentleman cannot be guilty. Besides, there may be rancor on the part of the conquered—there usually is; but even when no such feeling exists, another barrier stands in the way of free association between the officer and "society." The latter feels that the position of affairs will not be permanent; the enemy will in time evacuate, and then the vengeance of mob-patriotism is to be dreaded.—Never did the ricos of Mexico feel more secure than while under the protection of the American army. Many of them were disposed to be friendly, but the phantom of the future, with its mob *emeutes*, stared them in the face, and under this dread they were forced to adopt a hypocritical exclusiveness. Epaulettes must not be seen glancing through the windows of their drawing rooms!

Under such circumstances, my situation was difficult enough. I might gaze upon the outside walls of that handsome hacienda till my heart ached, but how was I to effect an entrance?

To charge a fort, a battery, an intrenched camp—to storm a castle, or break a solid square—one or all would have been child's play compared with the difficulty of crossing that glacial line of etiquette that separated me from my beautiful enemy.

To effect this purpose, a dozen schemes were passed through my mind, and rejected, till my eyes at length rested upon the most interesting object in the apartment—the little white rope that hung upon my saddle-bow. In the lazo, I recognized my "forlorn hope." That pretty implement must be returned to its owner. *I myself should take it home!* So far *destiny* should be guided by *me*; beyond, I should have to put my trust in destiny.

"CAPITAN—UN PAPELCITO."

I think best under the influence of a cigar; and lighting one, I ascended to the azotea to complete my little scheme.

I had scarcely made two turns of the roof, when a horseman galloped into the plaza. He was in dragoon uniform, and I saw he was an orderly from head-quarters, and inquiring for the commander of the outpost. One of the men pointed to me; and the orderly trotting forward, drew up in front of the alcalde's house, and announced to me that he was the bearer of a dispatch from the general-in-chief, at the same time showing a folded paper. I directed him to pass it up on the point of his sabre, which he did; and then saluting me, he turned his horse and galloped back as he had come.

I opened the dispatch, and read:

"HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION.
July —th, 1846.

SIR—You will take a sufficient number of your men, and proceed to the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas, in the neighborhood of your station. You will there find 5,000 head of beeves, which you will cause to be driven to the camp of the American army, and delivered to the commissary general. You will find the necessary drivers upon the ground, and a portion of your troop will form the escort. The enclosed *note* will enable you to understand the nature of your duty.

——— ———,
"A. A. Adjutant-General."

"CAPTAIN WARFIELD."

"Surely," thought I, as I finished reading—"surely there is a 'divinity that shapes our ends.' Just as I was cudgelling my brains for some scheme of introduction to Don Ramon de Vargas, here comes one ready fashioned to my hand."

I thought no more about the lazo: the rope was no longer an object of prime interest. Trimmed and embellished with the graceful excuse of "duty," I should now ride boldly up to the hacienda, and enter its gates with the confident air of a welcome guest. Welcome, indeed! A contract for 5,000 beeves, and at war prices! A good stroke of business on the part of the old Don. Of course I shall see him—"embrace him"—hobnob with him over a glass of Canario or Xeres—get upon the most intimate terms, and so be "asked back." I am usually popular with old gentlemen, and I trusted to my bright star to place me *en rapport* with Don Ramon de Vargas. The corralling of the cattle would occupy some time—a brace of hours at the least. That would be outside work, and I could intrust it to my lieutenant or sergeant. For myself, I was determined to stay by the walls. The Don must go out to look after his vaqueros. It would be rude to leave me alone. He would introduce me to his daughter—he could not do less: a customer on so large a scale! We should be left to ourselves, and then— Ha! Ijurra! I had forgotten *him*. Would *he* be there?

The recollection of this man fell like a shadow over the bright fancies I had conjured up.

A dispatch from head quarters calls for prompt attention, and my reflections were cut short by the necessity of carrying the order into execution. Without loss of time, I issued orders for about fifty of the rangers to "boot and saddle."

I was about to give more than ordinary attention to my toilet, when it occurred to me I might as well first read the "note" referred to in the dispatch. I opened the paper; to my surprise, the document was in Spanish. This did not puzzle me, and I read:

"The 5,000 beeves are ready for you according to the contract, but *I* cannot take upon me to deliver them. *They must be taken from me* with a *show of force*; and even a *little rudeness* on the part of those you send would not be out of place. My vaqueros are at your service, but *I* must not command them. You may *press* them. RAMON DE VARGAS."

This note was addressed to the commissary-general of the American army. Its meaning though to the uninitiated a little obscure, was to me as clear as noonday; and although it gave me a high opinion of the administrative talents of Don Ramon de Vargas, it was by no means a welcome document. It rendered null every act of the fine programme I had sketched out. By its directions there was to be no "embracing," no hobnobbing over wine, no friendly chat with the Don, no *tete-a-tete* with his beautiful daughter—no; but, on the contrary, I was to ride up with a swagger, bang the doors, threaten the trembling porter, kick the peons, and demand from their master 5,000 head of beef cattle—all in true freebooting style!

A nice figure I shall cut, thought I, in the eyes of Isolina; but a little reflection convinced me that that intelligent creature would be in the secret. Yes, she will understand my motive. I can act with as much mildness as circumstances will permit. My Texan lieutenant will do the kicking of the peons, and that without much pressing. If she be not cloistered, I will have a glimpse at her; so here goes. "*To horse!*"

The bugle gave the signal; fifty rangers—with Lieutenants Hollingsworth and Wheatley—leaped into their saddles, and next moment were filing by twos from the plaza, myself at their head.

A twenty minutes' trot brought us to the front gate of the hacienda, where we halted. The great door, massive and jail-like, was closed, locked, and barred; the shutters of the windows as well. Not a soul was to be seen outside, not even the apparition of a frightened peon. I had given my Texan lieutenant his cue; he knew enough of Spanish for the purpose.

Flinging himself out of the saddle, he approached the gate, and commenced hammering upon it with the butt of his pistol.

"*Ambre la puerta!*" (Open the door!) cried he.

No answer.

"*La puerta—la puerta!*" he repeated in a louder tone.

Still no answer.

"*Ambre la puerta!*" once more vociferated the lieutenant, at the same time thundering on the woodwork with his weapon.

When the noise ceased, a faint "*Quien es?*" (Who is it?) was heard from within.

"*Yo!*" bawled Wheatley, "*ambre! ambre!*"

"*Si, senor,*" answered the voice, in a somewhat tremulous key,

"*Anla! anda! Somos hombres de bien.*" (Quick then! We are honest men.)

A rattling of chains and shooting of bolts now commenced, and lasted for at least a couple of minutes, at the end of which time the great folding doors opened inward, displaying to view the swarthy leather-clad *portero*, the brick-paved *seguan*, and a portion of the *patio*, or courtyard within.

As soon as the door was fairly open, Wheatley made a rush at the trembling porter, caught him by the jerkin, boxed both his ears, and then commanded him, in a loud voice, to summon the *dueno!* This conduct, somewhat unexpected on the part of the rangers, seemed to be just to their taste; and I could hear behind me the whole troop chuckling in half-suppressed laughter. *Guerilleros* as they were they had never been allowed much license in their dealings with the inhabitants—the non combatants—of the country, and much less had they witnessed such conduct on the part of their officers. Indeed, it was cause of complaint in the ranks of the American army, and with many officers too, that even hostile Mexicans were treated with a lenient consideration denied to themselves. Wheatley's behaviour, therefore, touched a chord in the hearts of our followers, that vibrated pleasantly enough; they began to believe that the campaign was about to become a little more jolly.

"*Senor,*" stammered the porter, "the du—du—dueno has given or—orders—he wi—wi—will not s—see any one."

"*Will* not!" echoed Wheatley; "go, tell him he *must!*"

"Yes, *amigo*," I said soothingly; for I began to fear the man would be too badly frightened to deliver his message. "Go, say to your master that an American officer has business with him, and *must* see him immediately."

The man went off, after a little more persuasion from the free hand of Wheatley, of course leaving the gates open behind him.

We did not wait for his return. The patio looked inviting; and directing Hollingsworth to remain outside with the men, and the Texan lieutenant to follow me, I headed my horse for the great archway, and rode in.

CHAPTER VIII.

DON RAMON.

On entering the courtyard, a somewhat novel scene presented itself—a Spanish picture, with some transatlantic touches. The *patio* of a Mexican house is its proper front. Here you no longer look upon jail-like door and windows, but facades gaily frescoed, curtained verandahs, and glazed sashes that reach to the ground. The patio of Don Ramon's mansion was paved with brick. A fountain, with its tank of japanned mason work, stood in the centre; orange-trees stretched their fronds over the water; their golden globes and white wax-like flowers perfumed the atmosphere, which, cooled by the constant evaporation of the *jet d'eau*, felt fresh and fragrant. Round three sides of the court extended a verandah, its floor of painted tiles rising but a few inches above the level of the paved court. A row of *portales* supported the roof of this verandah, and the whole corridor was railed in, and curtained. The curtains were close drawn, and except at one point—the entrance between two of the portales—the corridor was completely screened from our view, and consequently all the windows of the house, which opened into the verandah. No human face greeted our searching glances. In looking to the rear, into the great *corral*, or cattle yard, we could see numerous peons in their brown leathern dresses, with naked legs and sandalled feet; vaqueros in all their grandeur of velveteens, bell-buttons, and gold or silver lace; with a number of women and young girls in colored *saguas* and *rebosos*. A busy scene was presented in that quarter. It was the great cattle enclosure, for the estate of Don Ramon de Vargas was a *hacienda de ganados*, or grand cattle-farm—a title which in no way detracts from the presumed respectability of its owner, many of the noble hidalgos of Mexico being only *graziers* on a large scale.

On entering the patio, I only glanced back at the corral; my eyes were busy with the curtained verandah, and, failing there, were carried up to the azotea, in hopes of discovering the object of my thoughts. The house, as I have elsewhere stated, was but a single story in height, and from the saddle, I could almost look into the azotea. I could see that it was a sanctuary of rare plants, and the broad leaves and bright corollas of some of the taller ones appeared over the edge of the parapet. Abundance of fair flowers I could perceive, but not that for which I was looking. No face yet showed, no voice greeted us with a welcome. The shouts of the vaqueros, the music of singing-birds caged along the corridor, and the murmur of the fountain, were the only sounds. The two former suddenly became hushed, as the hoofs of our horses rang upon the stone pavement, and the heedless water alone continued to utter its soft monotone. Once more my eyes swept the curtain, gazing into the few apertures left by a careless drawing; once more they sought the azotea, and glanced along the parapet; my scrutiny still remained unrewarded.

Without exchanging a word, Wheatley and I sat silent in our saddles, awaiting the return of the portero, although the peons, vaqueros, and wenches had poured in through the back gateway, and stood staring with astonishment at the unexpected guests. After a considerable pause, the tread of feet was heard upon the corridor, and presently the messenger appeared, and announced that the *dueno* was coming. In a minute after, one of the curtains was drawn back, and an old gentleman made his appearance behind the railing. He was a person of large frame, and although slightly stooping with age, his step was firm, and his whole aspect bespoke a wonderful energy and resolution. His eyes were large and brilliant, shadowed by heavy brows, upon which the hair still retained its dark color, although that of his head was white as snow. He was simply habited—in a jacket of nankeen cloth, and wide trowsers of like material. He wore neither waistcoat nor cravat. A full white shirt of finest linen covered his breast, and a sash of dull blue color was twisted round his waist. On his head was a costly hat of the "Guayaquil grass," and in his fingers a husk cigarrito, smoking at the end.

Altogether, the aspect of Don Ramon—for it was he—despite its assumed sternness, was pleasing and intelligent; and I should have relished a friendly chat with him, even upon his own account.

This, however, was out of the question. I must abide by the spirit of my orders; the farce must be played out; so, touching the flanks of my horse, I rode forward to the edge of the verandah, and placed myself *vis-a-vis* to the Don.

"Are you Don Ramon de Vargas?"

"Si, senor," was the reply, in a tone of angry astonishment.

"I am an officer of the American army"—I spoke loud, and in Spanish of course, for the benefit of the peons and vaqueros. "I am sent to offer you a contract to supply the army with beeves. I have here an order from the general-in-chief—"

"I have no beeves for sale," interrupted Don Ramon, in a loud, indignant voice; "I shall have nothing to do with the American army."

"Then, sir," retorted I, "I must take your beeves without your consent. You will be paid for them, but take them I must; my orders require that I should do so. Moreover, your vaqueros must accompany us, and drive the cattle to the American camp."

As I said this, I signalled to Hollingsworth, who rode in with his followers; and then the whole troop flung through the back gateway, began to collect the frightened vaqueros, and set them about their work.

"I protest against this robbery!" shouted Don Ramon. "It is infamous—contrary to the laws of civilized warfare. I shall appeal to my government—to yours—I shall have redress."

"You shall have payment, Don Ramon," said I, apparently trying to pacify him.

"Payment, *carrambo!*—payment from robbers *filibusteros*——"

"Come, come, old gentleman!" cried Wheatley, who was only half behind the scenes, and who spoke rather in earnest, "keep a good tongue in your head, or you may loose something of more value than your cattle. Remember whom you are talking to."

"*Tejanos! ladrones!*" hissed Don Ramon, with an earnest application of the latter phrase that would certainly have brought Wheatley's revolver from his belt, had I not, at the moment, whispered a word in the lieutenant's ear.

"Hang the old fellow!" muttered he, in reply to me; "I thought he *was* in earnest.—Look here, old fellow," he continued, addressing himself to Don Ramon, "don't you be scared about the dollars. Uncle Sam's a liberal trader and a good paymaster. I wish your beef was mine, and I had *his* promise to pay for it. So take things a little easier, if you please; and don't be so free of your 'filibusteros' and 'ladrones;' free-born Texans ain't used to such talk."

Don Ramon suddenly cut short the colloquy, by angrily closing the curtains, and hiding himself from our sight.

During the whole scene, I had great difficulty in controlling my countenance. I could perceive that the Mexican labored under a similar difficulty. There was a laughing devil in the corner of his keen eye, that required restraint; and I thought once or twice either he or I should lose our equanimity. *I* certainly should have done so, but that my heart and eyes were most of the time in other quarters. As for the Don, he was playing an important part; and a suspicion of his hypocrisy, on the minds of some of the leathern-clad *greasers*, who listened to the dialogue, might have afterwards brought him to trouble. Most of them were his own domestics and retainers, but not all. There were free *rancheros* among them—some who belonged to the pueblita itself—some, perchance, who had figured in *pronunciamentos*—who voted at elections, and called themselves *citizens*. The Don, therefore, had good reasons for assuming a character; and well did the old gentleman sustain it.

As he drew the curtain, his half-whispered "Adios, capitan!" heard only by myself, sounded full of sweetness and *promise*; and I felt rather contented as I straightened myself in the saddle, and issued the order for *viering* his cattle.

CHAPTER IX.

"UN PAPELCITO."

Wheatley now rode after the troop, which, with Hollingsworth, had already entered the corral. A band of drivers was speedily pressed into service; and with these the two lieutenants proceeded to the great plain at the foot of the hill, where most of Don Ramon's cattle were at pasture. By this arrangement, I was left alone, if I except the company of half-a dozen slipshod wenches, the deities of the *cocina*, who, clustered in the corner of the patio, eyed me with mingled looks of curiosity and fear. The verandah curtains remained hermetically closed, and though I glanced at every aperture that offered a chance to an observing eye, no one appeared to be stirring behind them.

"Too high-bred——perhaps indifferent?" thought I. The latter supposition was by no means gratifying to my vanity. "After all, now that the others are gone out of the way, Don Ramon *might* ask me to step inside. Ah, no!—these mestiza women would tell tales; I perceive it would never do! I may as well give it up. I shall ride out and join the troop."

As I turned my horse to put this design into execution, the fountain came under my eyes.—Its water reminded me that I was thirsty, for it was a July day, and a hot one. A gourd cup lay on the edge of the tank. Without dismounting, I was able to lay hold of the vessel, and filling it with the cool sparkling liquid, I drained it off. It was very good water, but not Canario or Xeres.

Sweeping the curtain once more, I turned with a disappointed glance, and jagging my horse, rode doggedly out through the back gateway. Once in the rear of the buildings, I had a full view of the great meadow already known to me; and pulling up, I sat in the saddle, and watched the animated scene that was there being enacted. Bulls, half-wild, rushing to and fro in mad fury; vaqueros mounted on their light mustangs, with streaming sash and winding lazo; rangers upon their heavier steeds, offering but a clumsy aid to the more adroit and practised herdsmen; others driving off large groups that had been already collected and brought into subjection; and all this amidst the fierce bellowing of the bulls, the shouts and laughter of the delighted troopers, the shriller cries of the vaqueros and peons. The whole formed a picture that, under other circumstances, I should have contemplated with interest. Just then, my spirits were not attuned to its enjoyment, and although I remained for some minutes with my eyes fixed upon it, my thoughts wandered elsewhere.

I confess to a strong faith in woman's curiosity. That such a scene could be passing under the windows of the most aristocratic mansion, without its most aristocratic inmate deigning to take a peep at it, I could not believe. Besides, Isolina was the very reverse. "Ha! Despite that jealous curtain, those beautiful eyes are glancing through some aperture—window or loophole, I doubt not;" and with this reflection, I once more turned my face to the buildings.

Just then, it occurred to me that I had not sufficiently reconnoitred the *front* of the dwelling. As we approached it, we had observed that the shutters of the windows were closed; but these opened inward, and since that time, one or another of them might have been set a little ajar. From my knowledge of Mexican interiors, I knew that these front windows were those of the principal apartments—of the *sala* and grand *cuarto*, or drawing-room—precisely those where the inmates at that hour should be found.

"Fool!" thought I, "to have remained so long in the patio. Had I gone round to the front windows, I might have— 'Tis not too late—there's a chance yet."

Under the impulse of this new hope, I rode back through the corral, and re-entered the patio. The brown skinned mestizas were still there, chattering and flurried as ever, and the curtain had not been stirred. A glance at it was all I gave; and without stopping, I walked my horse across the paved court, and entered under the arched *seguan*. The massive gate stood open, as we had left it; and on looking into the little box of the portero, I perceived that it was empty. The man had hid himself, in dread of a second interview with the Texan lieutenant!

In another moment, I had emerged from the gateway, and was about turning my horse to inspect the windows, when I heard the word "capitan" pronounced in a voice that sounded soft as a silver bell, and thrilled to my heart like a strain of music.

I looked towards the windows. It came not thence; they were close shut as ever. Whence?—before I had time to ask myself the question, the "capitan" was repeated in a somewhat louder key, and I now perceived that the voice proceeded from above—from the azotea.

I wrenched my horse round, at the same time turning my eyes upward. I could see no one; but just at that moment an arm, that might have been attached to the bust of Venus, was protruded through a notch in the parapet. In the small hand, wickedly sparkling with jewels, was something white, which I could not distinguish until I saw it projected on the grass—at the same moment that the phrase "un papelcito" reached my ears.

Without hesitation I dismounted—made myself master of the *papelcito*; and then leaping once more into the saddle, looked upward. I had purposely drawn my horse some distance from the walls, so that I might command a better view. I was not disappointed—Isolina! The face, that lovely face, was just distinguishable through the slender embrasure, the large, brown eyes gazing upon me with that half-earnest, half-mocking glance I had already noticed, and which produced within me both pleasure and pain!

I was about to speak to her, when I saw the expression suddenly change; a hurried glance was thrown backwards, as if the approach of some one disturbed her; a finger rested momentarily on her lips, and then her face disappeared behind the screening wall of the parapet. I understood the universal sign, and remained silent.

For some moments I was undecided whether to go or stay. She had evidently withdrawn from the front of the building, though she was still upon the azotea. Some one had joined her, and I could hear voices in conversation; her own contrasting with the harsher tones of a man. Perhaps her father—perhaps—that other *relative*—less agreeable supposition!

I was about to ride off, when it occurred to me that I had better first master the contents of the "papelcito." Perhaps it might throw some light on the situation, and enable me to adopt the more pleasant alternative of remaining a while longer on the premises. I had thrust the *billet* into the breast of my frock; and now looked around for some place, where I could draw it forth, and peruse it unobserved. The great arched gateway, shadowy and tenantless, offered the desired accommodation; and, heading my horse to it, I once more rode inside the *seguan*. Facing around, so as to hide my front from the *cocineras*, I drew forth the strip of folded paper, and spread it open before me. Though written in pencil, and evidently in a hurried impromptu, I had no difficulty in deciphering it. My heart throbbed exultingly as I read:

"Capitan!—I know you will pardon our dry

hospitality? A cup of cold water—ha! ha! ha! Remember what I told you yesterday; we hear our *friends* more than our *foes*, and we have *a guest in the house my father dreads more than you and your terrible filibusteros.* I am not angry with you, for my pet, but you have carried off my taxo as well. Ah, capitan! would you rob me of *everything*?—Adios!

"ISOLINA."

Thrusting the paper back into my bosom, I sat for some time pondering upon its contents. Part was clear enough—the remaining part full of mystery.

"We fear our *friends* more than our *foes*." I was behind the scenes sufficiently to comprehend what was intended by that cunningly worded phrase. It simply meant that Don Ramon de Vargas was *Ayankeeado*—in other words, a friend to the American cause, or, as some loud demagogues would have pronounced him, a "traitor to his country." It did not follow, however, that he was anything of the kind. He might have wished success to the American arms, and still remained a true friend to his country—not one of those blind bigots whose standard displays the brigand motto, "Our country right or wrong," but an enlightened patriot, who desired more to see Mexico enjoy peace and happiness under foreign domination, than that it should continue in anarchy under the iron rule of native despots. What is there in the empty title of *independence*, without peace, without liberty? After all, patriotism in its ordinary sense is but a doubtful virtue—perhaps nearer to a crime! It will one day appear so; one day in the far future it will be supplanted by a virtue of higher order—the patriotism that knows no boundaries of nations, but whose country is the whole earth. That, however, would not be "patriotism!"

Was Don Ramon de Vargas a patriot in this sense—a man of progress, who cared not that the name of "Mexico" should be blotted from the map, so long as peace and prosperity should be given to his country under another name? Was Don Ramon one of these? It might be. There were many such in Mexico at that time, and these principally of the class to which Senor de Vargas belonged—the *ricos*, or proprietors. It is easy enough to explain why the Ayankeeados were of the class of ricos.

Perhaps the affection of Don Ramon for the American cause had less lofty motives; perhaps the 5,000 beeves may have had something to do with it? Whether or no, I could not tell; nor did I stay to consider. I only reflected upon the matter at all as offering an explanation to the ambiguous phrase now twice used by his fair daughter—"We fear our *friends* more than our *foes*." On either supposition, the meaning was clear.

What followed was far from being equally perspicuous. *A guest in the house dreaded by her father?* Here was mystery indeed. Who could that guest be?—who but *Ijurra?*

But Ijurra was her cousin—she had said so. If a cousin, why should he be dreaded? Was there still another guest in the house? That might be: I had not been inside to see. The mansion was large enough to accommodate another—half a score of others. For all that, my thoughts constantly turned upon Ijurra, and why I know not; but I could not resist the belief that he was the person pointed at—the guest that was "dreaded!"

The behaviour which I had noticed on the day before—the *first and only time I had ever* seen the man—his angry speech and looks addressed to Isolina—her apparent fear of him: these it was, no doubt, that guided my instincts; and I at length came to the conviction that he was the fiend dreaded by Don Ramon. And she too feared him! "God grant that she do not also *love* him!"

Such was my mental ejaculation, as I passed on to consider the closing sentences of the hastily written note. In these I also encountered ambiguity of expression; whether I construed it aright, time would tell. Perhaps my wish was too much parent to my thoughts; but it was with exulting heart I rode out from the gateway.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD ENMITY.

I rode slowly, and but a few paces before reining up my horse. Although I was under the impression that it would be useless remaining, and that an interview with Isolina was impossible, for that day at least, I could not divest myself of the desire to linger a little longer near the spot. Perhaps she might appear again upon the azotea; if but for a moment; if but to wave her hand, and waft me an adieu; if but—

When a short distance separated me from the walls, I drew up, and turning in the saddle, glanced back to the parapet. A face was there, where hers had been; but, oh, the contrast between her lovely features and those that now met my gaze! Hyperion to the Satyr! Not that the face now before me was ugly or ill featured. There are some, and women too, who would have termed it handsome: to my eyes, it was hideous! Let me confess that this hideousness, or more properly its cause, rested in the moral, rather than the physical expression; perhaps, too, a little of it might have been found in my own heart. Under other circumstances, I might not have criticised that face so harshly. All the world did not think as I did about the face of Rafael Ijurra—for it was he who was gazing at me over the parapet.

Our eyes met; and that *first* glance stamped the relationship between us—hostility for life! Not a word passed, and yet the looks of each told the other, in the plainest language, "*I am your foe.*" Had we sworn it in wild oaths, in all the bitter hyperbole of insult, neither of us would have felt it more profound and keen.

I shall not stay to analyse this feeling of sudden and unexpressed hostility, though the philosophy of it is simple enough. You too have experienced it—perhaps more than once in your life, without being exactly able to explain it. I am not in that dilemma: I could explain it easily enough; but it scarcely merits an explanation. Suffice to say, that while gazing upon the face of that man, I entertained it in all its strength.

I have called it an *unexpressed* hostility. Therein I have spoken without thought; it was fully expressed by both of us, though not in words. Words are but weak symbols of a passion, compared with the passion itself, exhibited in the clenched hand, the compressed lip, the flashing eye, the clouded cheek, the quick play of the muscles—weak symbols are words compared with signs like these. No words passed between Ijurra and myself; none were needed. Each read in the other a rival—a rival in love, a competitor for the heart of a lovely woman, the *loveliest* in Mexico! It is needless to say that, under such an aspect, each hated the other at sight.

In the face of Ijurra I read more. I saw before me a man of bad heart and brutal nature. His large, and, to speak the truth, beautiful eyes, had in them an animal expression. They were not without intelligence, but so much the worse, for that intelligence expressed ferocity and bad faith. His beauty was the beauty of the jaguar. He had the air of an accomplished man, accustomed to conquest in the field of love—heartless, reckless, false. Oh, mystery of our nature, there are those who love such men!

In Ijurra's face I read more: *he knew my secret!* The significant glance of his eye told me so. He knew why I was lingering there. The satiric smile upon his lip attested it. He saw my efforts to obtain an interview, and, confident in his own position, held my failure but lightly—as something only to amuse him. I could tell all this by the sardonic sneer that sat upon his features.

As we continued to gaze, neither moving his eyes from the other, this sneer became too oppressive to be silently borne. I could no longer stand such a satirical reading of my thoughts. The insult was as marked as words could have made it; and I was about to have recourse to words to reply, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs caused me to turn my eyes in an opposite direction. A horseman was coming up the hill, in a direct line from the pastures. I saw it was one of the lieutenants—Hollingsworth.

A few more stretches of his horse brought the lieutenant upon the ground, where he pulled up directly in front of me.

"Captain Warfield!" said he, speaking in an official tone, "the cattle are collected; shall we proceed—"

He proceeded no further with that sentence; his eye, chance directed, was carried up to the azotea, and rested upon the face of Ijurra. He started in his saddle, as if a serpent had stung him; his hollow eyes shot preternaturally out, glaring wildly from their sockets, while the muscles of his throat and jaws twitched in convulsive action! For a moment, the desperate passion seemed to stifle his breathing, and while thus silent, the expression of his eyes puzzled me. It was of frantic joy, and ill became that face where I had never observed a smile. But the strange look was soon explained—it was not friendship, but the joy of anticipated vengeance! Breaking into a wild laugh, he shrieked out: "Rafael Ijurra, by the eternal God!"

This awful and emphatic recognition produced its effect. I saw that Ijurra knew the man who addressed him. His dark countenance turned suddenly pale, and then became mottled with livid spots, while his eyes scintillated and rolled about in the unsteady glances of terror. He made no reply beyond the ejaculation "Demonio!" which seemed involuntarily to escape him. He appeared unable to reply; surprise and fright held him spell-bound and speechless!

"Traitor! villain! murderer!" shrieked Hollingsworth, "we've met at last; now for a squaring of our accounts!" and in the next instant the muzzle of his rifle was pointing to the notch in the parapet—pointing to the face of Ijurra!

"Hold, Hollingsworth! hold!" cried I, pressing my heel deeply into my horse's flanks, and dashing forward.

Though my steed sprang instantly to the spur, and as quickly I caught the lieutenant's arm, I was too late to arrest the shot. I spoiled his aim, however; and the bullet, instead of passing through the brain of Rafael Ijurra, as it would certainly have done, glanced upon the mortar of the parapet, sending a cloud of lime-dust into his face.

Up to that moment, the Mexican had made no attempt to escape beyond the aim of his antagonist. Terror must have glued him to the spot. It was only when the report of the rifle, and the blinding mortar broke the spell, that he was able to turn and fly. When the dust cleared away, his head was no longer above the wall.

I turned to my companion, and addressed him in some warmth:

"Lieutenant Hollingsworth! I command—"

"Captain Warfield," interrupted he, in a tone of cool determination, "you may command me in all matters of duty, and I shall obey you. This is a private affair; and, by the Eternal, the general himself— Bah! I lose time; the villain will escape!" and before I could seize either himself or his bridle rein, he shot his horse past me, and entered the gateway at a gallop.

I followed as quickly as I could, and reached the patio almost as soon as he; but too late to hinder him from his purpose. I grasped him by the arm, but with determined strength he wrenched himself free—at the same instant gliding out of his saddle. Pistol in hand, he rushed up the *escalera*, his trailing scabbard clanking upon the stone steps as he went. He was soon out of my sight, behind the parapet of the azotea.

Flinging myself from the saddle, I followed as fast as my legs would carry me. While on the stairway, I heard loud words and oaths above, the crash of falling objects, and then two shots following quick and fast upon each other. I heard screaming in a woman's voice, and a groan—the last uttered by a man. One of them is dead or dying, thought I.

On reaching the azotea—which I did in a few seconds of time—I found perfect silence there. I saw no one, male or female, living or dead! True, the place was like a garden, with plants, shrubs, and even trees growing in gigantic pots. I could not view it all at once. They might still be there behind the screen of leaves?

I ran to and fro over the whole roof; I saw flower pots freshly broken. It was the crash of them I had heard coming up. I saw no men, neither Hollingsworth nor Ijurra! They could not be standing up, or I should have seen them. "Perhaps they are down among the pots—both. There were two shots. Perhaps both are down—dead!"

But where was she who screamed? Was it Isolina?

Half distracted, I rushed to another part of the roof. I saw a small escalera—a private stair—that led into the interior of the house. Ha! they must have gone down by it? she who screamed must have gone that way?

For a moment, I hesitated to follow; but it was no time to stand upon etiquette, and I was preparing to plunge down the stairway, when I heard shouting outside the walls, and then another shot from a pistol.

I turned, and stepped hastily across the azotea in the direction of the sounds. I looked over the parapet. Down the slope of the hill two men were running at the top of their speed, one after the other. The hindmost held in his hand a drawn sabre. It was Hollingsworth still in pursuit of Ijurra!

The latter appeared to be gaining upon his vengeful pursuer, who, burdened with his accoutrements, ran heavily. The Mexican was evidently making for the woods that began at the bottom of the hill; and in a few seconds more he had entered the timber, and passed out of sight. Like a hound upon the trail, Hollingsworth followed, and disappeared from my view at the same spot.

Hoping I might still be able to prevent the shedding of blood, I descended hastily from the azotea, mounted my horse, and galloped down the hill. I reached the edge of the woods where they had gone in, and followed some distance upon their trail; but I lost it at length, and came to a halt. I remained for some minutes listening for voices, or what I more expected to hear, the report of a pistol. Neither sound reached me. I heard only the shouts of the vaqueros on the other side of the hill; and this reminding me of my duty, I turned my horse, and rode back to the hacienda.

There, everything was silent: not a face was to be seen. The inmates of the house had hidden themselves in rooms barred up and dark; even the damsels of the kitchen had disappeared, thinking, no doubt, that an attack would be made upon the premises, and that spoliation and plunder were intended.

I was puzzled how to act. Hollingsworth's strange conduct had disarranged my ideas. I should have demanded admission, and explained the occurrence to Don Ramon; but I had no explanation to give; I rather needed one for myself; and under a painful feeling of suspense as to the result, I rode off from the place.

Half-a-dozen rangers were left upon the ground, with orders to await the return of Hollingsworth, and then gallop after us; while the remainder of the troop, with Wheatley and myself in advance of the vast drove, took the route for the American camp.

CHAPTER XI.

RAFAEL IJURRA.

In ill-humor I journeyed along. The hot sun and the dusty road did not improve my temper, ruffled as it was by the unpleasant incident. I was far from satisfied with my first lieutenant, whose conduct was still a mystery. Wheatley could not explain it. Some strange old enmity no doubt, both of us believed—some story of wrong and revenge.

No everyday man was Hollingsworth, but one altogether of peculiar character and temperament—as unlike him who rode by my side as acid to alkali. The latter was a dashing, cheerful fellow, dressed in half-Mexican costume, who could ride a wild horse and throw the lazo with any vaquero in the crowd. He was a true Texan, almost by birth—had shared the fortunes of the young Republic since the days of Austin—and was never more happy than while engaged in the border warfare, that, with slight intervals had been carried on against either Mexican or Indian foeman, ever since the lone star had spread its banner to the breeze. No raw recruit was Wheatley; though young, he was what Texans term an "old Indian fighter"—a real "Texan ranger."

Hollingsworth was not a Texan, but a Tennessean, though Texas had been for some years his adopted home. It was not the first time he had crossed the Rio Grande. He had been one of the unfortunate Mier expedition—a survivor of that decimated band—afterwards carried in chains to Mexico, and there compelled to work breast deep in the mud of the great *zanjas* that traverse the streets. Such experience might account for the serious, somewhat stern expression that habitually rested upon his countenance, and gave him the character of a "dark, saturnine man." I have said incidentally that I never saw him smile—never. He spoke seldom, and, as a general thing, only upon matters of duty; but at times, when he fancied himself alone, I have heard him mutter threats, while a convulsive twitching of the muscles, and a mechanical clenching of the fingers accompanied his words, as though he stood in the presence of some deadly foe! I had more than once observed these frenzied outbursts, without knowing aught of their cause. Harding Hollingsworth—such was his full name—was a man with whom no one would have desired to take the liberty of asking an explanation of his conduct. His courage and war-prowess were well known among the Texans; but it is idle to add this, since otherwise he could not have stood among them in the capacity of a leader. Men like them, who have the election of their own officers, do not trust their lives to the guidance of either stripling or coward.

Wheatley and I were talking the matter over as we rode along, and endeavoring to account for the strange behaviour of Hollingsworth. We had both concluded that the affair had arisen from old enmity—perhaps connected with the Mier expedition—when accidentally I mentioned the Mexican's name. Up to this moment the Texan lieutenant had not seen Ijurra—having been busy with the cattle on the other side of the hill—nor had the name been pronounced in his hearing.

"Ijurra?" he exclaimed with a start, reining up, and turning to me with an inquiring look.

"Ijurra."

"*Rafael* Ijurra, do you think?"

"Yes, Rafael—that is the name."

"A tall, dark fellow, moustached and whiskered?—not ill-looking?"

"Yes; he might answer that description," I replied.

"If it be the same Rafael Ijurra that used to live at San Antonio, there's more than one Texan would like to raise *his* hair. The same—it must be—there's no two of the name; 'taint likely—no."

"What do you know of him?"

"Know?—that he's the most precious scoundrel in all Texas or Mexico either, and that's saying a good deal. Rafael Ijurra? 'Tis he, by thunder! It *can* be nobody else; and Hollingsworth— Ha! now I think of it, it's just the man; and Harding Hollingsworth, of all men living, has good reasons to remember *him*."

"How? Explain."

The Texan paused for a moment, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then proceeded to detail what he knew of Rafael Ijurra. His account, without the expletives and emphatic ejaculations which adorned it, was substantially as follows:

Rafael Ijurra was by birth a Texan of Mexican race. He had formerly possessed a hacienda near San Antonio de Bexar, with other considerable property, all of which he had spent at play, or otherwise dissipated, so that he had sunk to the status of a professional gambler.—Up to the date of the Mier expedition he had passed off as a citizen of Texas, under the new regime, and pretended much patriotic attachment to the young Republic.

When the Mier adventure was about being organized, Ijurra had influence enough to have himself elected one of its officers. No one suspected his fidelity to the cause. He was one of those who at the halt by Laredo, urged the imprudent advance upon Mier; and his presumed knowledge of the country—of which he was a native—gave weight to his counsel. It afterwards proved that his free advice was intended for the benefit of the enemy, with whom he was in secret correspondence.

On the night before the battle, Ijurra was missing. The Texan army was captured after a brave defence, in which they slew more than their own number of the enemy, and under guard, the remnant was marched off for the Capitol of Mexico. On the second or third day of their march, what was the astonishment of the Texan prisoners to see Rafael Ijurra *in the uniform of a Mexican officer, and forming part of their escort!* But that their hands were bound, they would have torn him to pieces, so enraged were they at this piece of black treason.

"I was not in that ugly scrape," continued the lieutenant. "As luck would have it, I was down with a fever in Brazos bottom, or I guess I should have had to *draw my bean* with the rest of 'em, poor fellows!"

Wheatley's allusion to "drawing his bean" I understood well enough. All who have ever read the account of this ill-starred adventure will remember, that the Texans, goaded by ill treatment, rose upon their guards, disarmed, and conquered them! but in their subsequent attempt to escape, ill managed and ill guided, nearly all of them were recaptured, and *decimated*—each tenth man having been shot like a dog! The mode of choosing the victims was by lot, and the black and white beans of Mexico (*frijoles*) were made use of as the expositors of the fatal decrees of destiny. A number of the beans, corresponding to the number of the captives, was placed within an earthen *olla*—there being a black bean for every nine white ones.—He who drew the black bean must die! During the drawings of this fearful lottery, there occurred incidents exhibiting character as heroic as has ever been recorded in story.

Read from an eye-witness:

"They all drew their beans with manly dignity and firmness. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say: '*Boys! this beats rafflin all to pieces!*' Another: '*Well, this is the tallest gambling-scrape I ever was in!*' Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground exceedingly ill, called his brother William and said—'Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place—I want to die.' The brother, with overwhelming anguish, replied—'No, I will keep my own place; *I am stronger, and better able to die than you!*' Major Cocke, when he drew the fatal bean, held it up between his finger and thumb, and, with a smile of contempt, said: 'Boys! I told you so: I never failed in my life to draw a prize!' He then coolly added: 'They only rob me of forty years.' Henry Whaling, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, in a joyous tone: 'Well, they don't make much out of me, anyhow: I know I've killed twenty-five of them.' Then demanding his dinner in a firm voice he added: 'They shall not cheat me out of it!' Saying this, he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, he had ceased to live! The Mexicans fired fifteen shots at Whaling before he expired! Young Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that he 'was perfectly willing to meet his fate—for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die.' Edward Este spoke of his death with the coolest indifference. Cash said: 'Well, they murdered my brother with Colonel Fannin, and they are about to murder me.' J. L. Jones said to the interpreter: 'Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country.' Captain Eastlapd behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death. Major Dunham said he was prepared to die for his country. James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate, and said: 'I am prepared to meet it.' Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge their murder. * * * *

"They were bound together—their eyes being bandaged—and set upon a log near the wall with their backs towards the executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance, saying they '*were not afraid to look death in the face.*' This request the Mexican refused; and to make his cruelty as refined as possible, caused the fire to be delivered from a distance, and to be continued for ten or twelve minutes, lacerating and mangling those heroes in a manner too horrible for description."

When you talk of Thermopylæ, think also of Texas!

"But what of Hollingsworth?" I asked.

"Ah! Hollingsworth!" replied the lieutenant—"*he has* good cause to remember Ijurra, now I think of it. I shall give the story to you as I heard it;" and my companion proceeded with a relation, which caused the blood to curdle in my veins, as I listened. It fully explained, if it did not palliate, the fierce hatred of the Tennessean towards Rafael Ijurra.

In the Mier expedition, Hollingsworth had a brother, who, like himself, was made prisoner. He was a delicate youth, and could ill endure the hardships, much less the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners were exposed during that memorable march. He became reduced to a skeleton, and worse than that, foot-sore, so that he could no longer endure the pain of his feet and ankles, worn skinless, and charged with the spines of acacias, cactus, and the numerous thorny plants in which the dry soil of Mexico is so prolific. In agony, he fell down upon the road.

Ijurra was in command of the guard; from him Hollingsworth's brother begged to be allowed the use of a mule. The youth had known Ijurra at San Antonio, and had even lent him money, which was never returned.

"To your feet, and forward," was Ijurra's answer.

"I cannot move a step," said the youth, despairingly.

"Cannot! *Carrai!* we shall see whether you can. Here, Pablo," continued he, addressing himself to one of the soldiers of the guard; "give this fellow the spur; he is restive!"

The ruffian soldier approached with fixed bayonet, seriously intending to use its point on the poor wayworn invalid! The latter rose with an effort, and made a desperate attempt to keep on; but his resolution again failed him. He could not endure the agonizing pain, and after staggering a pace or two, he fell up against a rock.

"I cannot!" he again cried—"I cannot march farther: let me die here."

"Forward! or you *shall* die here," shouted Ijurra, drawing a pistol from his belt, and cocking it, evidently with the intention to carry out his threat. "Forward!"

"I cannot," faintly replied the youth.

"Forward, or I fire!"

"Fire!" cried the young man, throwing open the flaps of his hunting-shirt, and making one last effort to stand erect.

"You are scarce worth a bullet," said the monster, with a sneer; at the same instant he levelled his pistol at the breast of his victim, and fired!

When the smoke was blown aside, the body of young Hollingsworth was seen lying at the base of the rock, doubled up—dead! A thrill of horror ran through the line of captives. Even their habitually brutal guards were touched by such wanton barbarity. The brother of the youth was not six yards from the spot, tightly bound, and witness of the whole scene! Fancy his feelings at that moment!

"No wonder," continued the Texan—"no wonder that Harding Hollingsworth don't stand upon ceremony as to when and where he may attack Rafael Ijurra. I verily believe that the presence of the commander in chief wouldn't restrain him from taking vengeance. It ain't to be wondered at!"

In hopes that my companion might help me to some knowledge of the family at the hacienda, I guided the conversation in that direction.

"And Don Ramon de Vargas is Ijurra's uncle?"

"Sure enough, he must be. Ha! I did not think of that. Don Ramon *is* the uncle. I ought to have known him this morning—that confounded *mezcal* I drank knocked him out of my mind altogether. I have seen the old fellow several times. He used to come to San Antonio once a year, on business with the merchants there. I remember, too, he once brought a daughter with him—splendid girl that, and no mistake! Faith, she crazed half the young fellows in San Antonio, and there were no end of duels about her. She used to ride wild horses, and fling the lazo like a Comanche. But what am I talking about? That mezcal has got into my brains, sure enough. It must have been *her* you chased? Sure as shooting, it was!"

"Probable enough," I replied, in a careless way. My companion little knew the deep, feverish interest his remarks were exciting, or the struggle it was costing me to conceal my emotions. One thing I longed to learn from him—whether any of these amorous duellists had been favored with the approbation of the lady. I longed to put this question, and yet the absolute dread of the answer restrained my tongue! I remained silent, till the opportunity had passed. The hoof-strokes of half-a-dozen horses coming rapidly from the rear, interrupted the conversation. Without surprise, I saw that it was Hollingsworth and the rangers who had been left at the hacienda.

"Captain Warfield!" said the Tennessean, as he spurred alongside, "my conduct no doubt surprises you. I shall be able to explain it to your satisfaction when time permits. It's a long story—a painful one to me: you will not require it from me now. This much let me say—for good reason, I hold Rafael Ijurra as my most deadly foe. *I came to Mexico to kill that man!* and by the Eternal! if I don't succeed, I care not who kills *me!*"

"You have *not* then—"

With a feeling of relief I put the question, for I read the answer in the look of disappointed vengeance that gleamed in the eyes of the Tennessean. I was not permitted to finish the interrogatory; he knew what I was going to ask, and interrupted me with the reply:

"No, no; the villain has escaped; but by—"

The rest of the emphatic vow was inaudible; but the wild glance that flashed from the speaker's eye expressed his deep purpose more plainly than words. The next moment he fell back to his place in the troop, and with his head slightly bent forward, rode on in silence. His dark taciturn features were lit up at intervals by an ominous gleam, showing that he still brooded over his unavenged wrong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMET.

"The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies!
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!" —*Holmes.*

☞ There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one-third part of the people are not extremely stinted in the necessaries of life.

☞ AN APT REPLY.—"Madam," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniformly good child." The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then replied, simply and beautifully: "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and *I let it alone.*"

☞ When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his Majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the king. "I caused it to be given out, sire," returned Fenelon, "that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

SPRING.

I come! I come! Ye have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps by the wakening earth—
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth—
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass—
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
—*Mrs Hemans.*

☞ The Hollanders take so much care of their cattle that they put leathern shoes on their feet when they are taken to pasture, lest the dampness of the soil should induce rheumatism.

☞ Wendell Phillips defines a politician as "one who serves God as far as he can without offending the devil."

☞ All personal antagonisms are infernal. Hence he who cherishes hatred against his fellow-man, shows that he himself is a bad man.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,	$5.00	a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00	"
Thirteen (and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00	"
Twenty (and one to the getter up of Club,)	20.00	"

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.—Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelets:—

THE WAR TRAIL.

A Romance of the War with Mexico,

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID;

and

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lords of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Say, Will it Be?" "Allquippa's Daughter;" "Dr. Kane."

J. E. W. The meaning of the word pre-emption is the same in regard to Kansas as to any other Territory. It is the right to purchase in preference to others, when the land is sold. You go to Kansas, select a "claim,"—one hundred and sixty acres is, we believe, the legal allowance to each squatter—settle upon it, and, by so doing, have a right to buy it when the Government puts it up for sale, in preference to any other person—the practical working being that you get it at the minimum Government price of $1,25 per acre. Settlers, we are told, often select a much larger claim than the law allows, and popular custom respects their pre-emption right to it when the sale takes place, it being considered a kind of etiquette not to bid against a man for land he has pre-empted, even though it is double what the strict letter of the law allows. The custom as to this last however, may be different in different sections.

FALSE PATRIOTISM.

Nearly the whole press of the United States of all parties, blames the English government for its recent course in relation to the Chinese. This may be taken as the judgment of impartial men the world over. The ablest statesmen of the British Parliament admit the justice of this verdict against them—and yet, on an appeal to the English people, Lord Palmerston has been triumphantly sustained.

Why is this? Because the cry "our country right or wrong," "the honor of the British flag," &c., have overborne the calm and temperate appeals of Justice and Right. An English correspondent of the *North American*, himself a Palmerstonian, to judge by his letter gives a conversation at the hustings between himself and a voter, to show the general feeling of the masses. He says:—

As I reached the hustings, where I had to tender my vote, I came side by side with a rough radical, and I asked him how he was going to vote. "I hates all governments," he said instantly, with a very determined expression of countenance, "they're a precious bad lot, the whole bilin' of 'em; but I goes in strong this time for Lord Parmystone, 'cos I do hope he means to give that —— Chanyman pepper." "But," said I, "the British officials did wrong they had no business to bombard ——." "Hadn't they—hadn't they?" he yelled, interrupting me in fure; "I'd ha' shown 'em about that; if I'd a' had arf a chance I'd ha' blo the whole —— Canton to hell, I would. pink eyed, yaller mugg'd thief to haul the English flag down. Mr. Yea, indeed! I'd show him wot way means, if I'd got his nose within reach o' my fists."

There was no mistake about this. The six points of the charter, vote by ballot, universal suffrage, &c., were all forgotten, all merged into the one question about the insult to the British flag.

Americans are able to see the folly of such appeals to a selfish national feeling, improperly dignified by the name of patriotism, when Englishmen are the wrong doers;—will they not take a lesson from the sight, to be practised upon in cases when their own country is clearly in the wrong, using its giant's strength "like giant?"

THERE IS SOMETHING LIKE LEATHER.

The consumers of boots and shoes—in word, everybody—will be pleased to hear that the price of leather has fallen at Paris. This is said to be owing to the great use which is now made of moleskin in its place, at a saving of 50 to 60 per cent. in the price. Thus the old saying that "there is *nothing* like leather," fortunately for the consumers, is proved to be a false one. It would be well for our own coach builders, shoemakers, and other users of leather to turn their attention to the moleskins, as the Parisian brethren have done.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

April winds are blowing like the trumpets of resurrection, and the buried Spring is rising with a soft flush of flowers, from its winter grave. Already the sunlight is less arctic, and vernal breaths penetrate the raw and rheumy air. The sky is a softer azure; "the distance wears a tenderer hue;" miracles of sunrise and sunset flame in cloudy and colored pomp on the horizon; there are gleams of green in the trees, and the grass begins to grow. The orchestras of piping songsters again renew their matutinal concerts, and the robins and blue birds dart and wheel through the disenchanted air. In the city parks, and in the plots that fringe our brick fronts, the colors of the natural season again begin to show in the sunshine. We who have been in a state of torpid contraction during the frigid weather, and are still suspicious of the spring, begin to expand cautiously, like furtive turtles, from our shells of winter clothing, and venture to inhale deeper draughts of the milder air. But the most noticeable effect that the advent of Spring has upon most of us, is to inspire us to get up earlier in the morning. We, who lay late during the winter months, and, snugly ensconced in our cosy beds, quoted Tom Hood against early rising—

"The man that's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon!"—

now start up, and virtuously reprobate any ante-prandial sloth with Dr. Watts's—

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain," etc.

Getting up is now an easy virtue; therefore we practice it.

It is a good thing to rise early. But early rising is only half of a physiological and spiritual necessity, or duty, of which going to bed early is the other half. Poor Richard, who may be considered one of the guardian genii of American society and life—our most utilitarian sage and saint—declares that

"Early to bed and early to rise
Will make you healthy, wealthy and wise."

It is not exactly clear to us how obedience to this physiological law is to secure one wisdom or wealth—unless, indeed, the unclogged and vigorous state of the human organism is a condition which clears the eyes of the mind, and enables one to see the road to the golden mean, and to the paths of pleasantness and peace. Perhaps the healthy man can accomplish with less mental power what the diseased man with more mental power would fail to accomplish. Perhaps, also, a well body is the condition of a wise brain. At any rate, it is pretty certain that health is a great help towards the attainment of wealth and wisdom; and so the last two of the three advantages which Poor Richard assures to the observer of his rule may be considered as the result of the possession of the first. Certainly, it may be safely said, that while obedience to all the physical and metaphysical laws of our system is necessary to perfect health, nothing does more to that end than the practice of proper and plentiful sleep. All the great voices testify to its utility. Shakspeare's beautiful characterizations of sleep and [illegible] in *Macbeth*, are as true as beautiful. So with Wordsworth's apostrophe—

"Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled there,
Our solace and our earthly care,
Lapped in contentment, soothed by breath
Of angels in the realms of death,
Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled there,
Our bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
All anguish; saint that evil thought and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep
Like to a breeze from heaven."

And again, when he calls it the

"blessed barrier between night and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health."

Statistics assert that the physiological sleeper—that is, the person who does not turn night into day, or stint nature of its full measure of repose—lives longest. Undoubtedly there are exceptions to the rule, but they are persons whose strict obedience to some cardinal laws of life being have in some sort remedied or prevented the mischief that commonly accrues from the lax observance or total disregard of the particular law.

The scientific statement of the reasons why health is so dependant upon early rest and rising, may be substantially given as follows.—It is said that the atmosphere we breathe is principally composed of four elements, or gases, viz, oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic-acid gas, and ammonia. The last two are ordinarily contained by the atmosphere in very small quantity.—The oxygen is the great stimulant, or supporter, of animal life. The carbonic-acid gas is a narcotic—it tends to induce sleep.

The several proportions of these gases differ at night from their proportions by day. At night the air contains the greatest amount of the narcotic principle—the carbonic-acid gas; by day, it has the greatest amount of the stimulating principle—the oxygen. The quantities of these gases are established by a peculiar law existing in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. During the night all vegetables exhale carbonic-acid gas through their leaves, buds, and stems; during the day, they exhale oxygen. Animals, through the lungs and skin, part with carbonic-acid gas, and inspire oxygen. Thus the relative proportions of the gaseous elements in the air are regulated by the processes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

During our waking hours every function of the body is actively employed, and, therefore, demands most oxygen, that being its support and aliment, as it were. It can get most when the atmosphere contains most—that is, from the rise to sunset. Hence the need of being awake in the daytime.

During our sleeping hours, the principal functions of the body are suspended. The body needs then no stimulant of highly oxygenated atmosphere; it needs the narcotizing carbonic acid gas to induce and maintain the repose which it craves. The air containing most of that gas at night, the body can get most rest. Hence the need of sleeping at night.

Night work is bad, because the supply of atmospheric sustenance for the body is not equal to the body's demand. The partial suspension of the bodily functions in quiet repose, or their almost total suspension in positive sleep, is a necessity for the body's health, required by the condition of the nightly atmosphere.

In like manner, sleep in the daytime is bad, because the supply of the atmospheric narcotic for the body, is not equal to the body's requirements. The employment of the bodily functions in exercise or labor, is demanded in order to consume the stimulant which the body takes in at that time from the air.

The need of early rising is to get all the stimulus the air can give to the body, and the body needs all it can get. The need of early rising is to get all the narcotic the air can give to the body, all of which the body also needs.

Franklin preaches dame Nature to us children of the world. Would that we heeded the counsel more! More sleep than we city folks take, and at better hours, would make healthier people of us, and a wiser, Poor Richard being witness, wealthier and wiser people of us. Spring has the effect of making us earlier to rise, but what season can induce us to go earlier to bed? Is our principle that of Moore's song?—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

Or do we stay up till midnight, and get up at dawn, in order to afford to our friends an evidence of our too literal belief in the brave old preacher's maxim—"Never tire—we have all eternity to rest in?" Certainly, we are indefatigable in our efforts to arrive speedily at that eternity—the theory of little sleep, less life, being true. It would be better, however, to be a little more in love with Time, and to make an effort for a little longer existence in this beautiful sublunary world. Goethe's axiom—"Without haste, without rest,"—is good, but must not be taken too literally, and we Americans, who are so fond of running ourselves into the ground at thirty or thirty-seven, and show, virtually, such a scorn for the many years of Methuselah, would do better to fix "a just medium" of existence between our gravestones and the long-lived patriarch; say,—personifying that medium—Old Parr, who lived to somewhere about a hundred and thirty years, simply, they tell us, because he kept the laws of nature, one of which is, as we have said, indubitably contained in the axiomatic "Early to bed and early to rise."

ARTIFICIAL STONE HOUSES.

A subscriber at Locustville, Accomac Co., Virginia, writes in relation to a plan to make artificial stone houses, recently quoted in THE POST. He wishes to know whether any frame work is needed. As this matter has been alluded to frequently in THE POST, within a few years past, we need but give briefly at this time, the substance of several articles.

The old plan of making Concrete houses was to mix the Lime, Sand and Stone—the last being anything in the shape of stone, broken up into pieces not larger than two or three inches in diameter—and to rear the wall by depositing the compound, say a foot deep at a time, in a temporary frame work, the width of the wall to be erected. When the concrete had hardened sufficiently, the frame-work was shifted a foot higher along the length of the wall, so as to allow of another foot of the concrete being deposited. Thus the wall was reared a foot at a time; another foot being added as soon as the old one had become sufficiently firm to allow of it. A wall reared in this way, in the course of a short period will become as hard and enduring as any other.

Now the new plan suggested, is to mould the Concrete into blocks, and to build the wall of said blocks, after time has been given them to harden—instead of placing the soft concrete directly on the wall, between boards placed to sustain it until it has become sufficiently solid to allow of their removal. Some persons may prefer one way, some another. *In either case, the only use made of wood is temporarily to sustain the soft Concrete until time has been given it to harden.* Of course, in case of building with the Concrete *blocks*, mortar would have to be used to hold them together, and fill up the interstices, the same as in building with regular stone or brick. In the case of the Concrete Wall, no other mortar than that contained in the Concrete itself is necessary.

These Concrete houses, of course, are not particularly needed where plenty of good bricks or building stone can be obtained. But, in many parts of the country, Lime, Sand, and Small Stones, Pebbles, &c., can be easily procured, while the supply of good building stone is deficient. In such places, a Concrete of the Lime, Sand and Small Stones, makes a capital and cheap house, and is, after the Concrete has had time to harden, as firm, durable and weather proof as any other.

In fact, in the respect of dampness, a house thus built will be drier than a common stone house. The reason that stone houses generally are damp, being this;—Not that "the damp strikes through," which is a common notion; but simply that the stone of which the wall is built becomes chilled by the external atmosphere, and the inner surface of the house thus losing its heat also, becomes colder than the atmosphere of the rooms. Of course the inside walls being chilled, the moisture of the rooms will be condensed upon them. In other words, it is not the Damp striking through, but, not to speak scientifically, the Cold.

Now if the walls of a house are built of stones so small that they will not reach from the outside to the inside, the cold will not be very readily communicated from the outside surface to the inside surface of the wall. Walls built of Concrete of course fulfill this important condition.

We may, in passing, again advise those who intend to build stone houses of large blocks or boulders of stone, to choose always the very softest stone, consistent with building purposes, that they can find. The harder and denser the stone, the more readily will it transmit the Cold, to use a common phrase, to the inside; and the damper, of course, the wall will be. In fact, whether hard stone or soft stone is used, but especially in the former case, the lathe and plaster should always be kept by the use of strips, a couple of inches off the wall. The saving of heat thus effected, to say nothing of health and comfort, will amply repay the small additional expense.

LOTTERY PRIZES.

A new illustration of the sensible belief that Lottery Prizes are *bad money*, which always brings a curse instead of a blessing with it, is given by the recent death of a Mr. Calvert in England in great poverty. This Mr. Calvert, who was sixty-one at the time of his death, drew the first prize of $100,000 ever drawn in the English Lottery, and afterwards drew a $25,000 prize also. But those large sums could not save him from a death of poverty—on the contrary, probably were the direct or indirect causes of such a death. Unscrupulous men often say, let us have money, that is all we ask, even if not acquired by strictly just and Christian means. But the gold which comes as the result of crime, or extortion, or gambling of any kind, only rivets firmly upon the soul the particular vice through whose service it has been acquired. It is, in fact, the money consideration which passes between the man who sells his soul, and the Evil Power which purchases it—and which thus gains the full force of a contract, as the old legends have it, made with the Evil One, and signed with the heart's red blood. Let every man, therefore, who would live a happy life, and see good days, avoid *bad money*.

BRINGING UP.

The rearing of children is a theme which is bandied about from lip to lip, like a shuttlecock between active battledores. When ought children to begin to learn?—is a question which parents are often considering. Our own opinion is that their instruction ought to be begun only when it is certain that they have bodily stamina sufficient to endure the labor of study, and that their physical development should keep strict pace with the development of their minds.—The temptation to stimulate excessively the intellect of children, especially when they are precociously intelligent, is very great, and ought to be guarded against constantly. It is not done only by the enforcement of class lessons, but by flattering or encouraging the child to say bright and smart things, thus keeping its mental organism inordinately active in the labor of reflection and invention. Of course as, as we have said before, any extra mental development is revenged by the body. The human organism is a strict democracy. There is no aristocracy in our frames; the principle of perfect equality prevails there. The foot is as good as the head, and must have its rights as well. Any favoritism shown one member, every other member rebels against. Activity or ailment denied to any part of the system causes conspiracy and insurrection of the whole. Our organism requires perfectly equal and harmonious development.

In case of an unusual natural preponderance of the intellectual over the animal in children, they ought to be sedulously kept from books, and their energies persistently devoted to play and exercise till the balance is restored. The idea is to have the body as robust and firm-fibred as the mind is strong and keen. A popular belief asserts that clever children are seldom reared;—Shakspeare alludes to it in his line—

"So wise, so young, they say, can ne'er live long."

But the obvious reason for the too frequent fact is that the cleverness of the clever children is stimulated till the neglected body gives way under the unnatural and unequal strain. It is true that there are children who, like the ephemeron, seem born bright and beautiful only to die, and whom no earthly care can save. These, however, are exceptional. It is highly probable that a great number are annually goaded into their graves by the nervous excitement generated by an undue mental activity, and unbalanced, or even unabated, by muscular exertion or soothing mental recreation. Physicians know this, and can testify from knowledge of the prevalence of the forcing and stimulating system in relation to smart children, and of its fatal consequences.

The true aim of education being to restore the balance of the physical and mental organism when from hereditary or accidental causes it is imperfect, and always to maintain its equilibrium, it follows that in case of any preponderance of the animal over the intellectual, children ought to be mentally stimulated, and their energies persistently employed in study. Of course, the measures taken to this end ought to be judicious, and so skillfully managed as not to put the pupil in antagonism to books, or make the habit of reflection repulsive to him. One should rather plot how to make intellectual effort attractive to such children—to endow it with a charm potent enough to induce them to engage in it. Our common school system is not without faults, but one of its merits is that it stimulates the dull child to competition with the child of talent, by appealing to the love of emulation so strong in the childish heart, and thus calls all his mental powers into their fullest action, teaching him to know by inspiring him to excel. It will be more valuable when it becomes more scientific, and proceeds on the principle of the burden to the back that can bear it; strengthening the weak intellect, and also the feeble frame, giving the severer tasks to the one, and the easier to the other. Meanwhile, the home must remedy the defects of the school. Parents must remember, too, that it is not only instruction that is perilous to their bright children, but unbalanced mental activity; while the injury to which children of robust physical constitution are liable, is torpor or insufficient action of the mental faculties.

A WISCONSIN CITY.—We learn from the *Wisconsin Patriot*, that Madison, the capital of that State, has increased from about 1,200 in 1850, to between 10,000 and 12 000 in 1857. The location is said to be a beautiful one. Among the public buildings now being erected, or to be erected, are a City Hall, four school houses, a State Lunatic Asylum, State University Buildings, a United States Court House and Post Office, Churches, Stores, Private Residences, &c. Four railroads also, it says, will be completed to Madison the coming year. Certainly Madison must be a thriving place; and we advise our readers bound "Westward-Ho," to take a peep at the capital city of Wisconsin in their investigations.

New Publications.

POEMS BY CHARLES SWAIN. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait, Philadelphia.

The fairy form and dress of blue and gold which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields first devised for their editions of Tennyson and Longfellow, commend to the reading public this issue of the poems of Charles Swain, an author whose songs are "familiar in our mouths as household words."

THE CONFIDENCE MAN. By Herman Melville. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. A Popular Handbook of Facts not Readily Accessible in Literature, History and Science. Edited by David A. Wells. D. Appleton & Co., N. York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

HOOPER'S WESTERN FRUIT BOOK: A Collection of Facts arranged for Practical Use in the Orchard and Garden. By E. J. Hooper. Moore, Wilstach & Co., Cincinnati. For sale by R. Cowperthwait & Co., Philada.

A MANUAL OF SPEAKING, CONVERSATION AND DEBATING. Fowler & Wells, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN. By Alexander Dumas. T. B. Peterson, Philada.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By T. B. Macaulay. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

MITCHELL'S NEW TRAVELLER'S GUIDE through the United States and Canada. Charles Desilver, Philada.

THE CHARITY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCHES. By Rev. Stephen Chastel, of Geneva, Switzerland. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

A CORRECTION.—Mr. Jerome Kidder calls our attention to an inaccuracy in our recent notice of his work, the "Drama of Earth." We stated that the principal feature of the scene of Christ's Temptation in the wilderness, was the fiend's effort to get the Saviour intoxicated. In the scene preceding, which is also laid in the wilderness, we have a council of devils, plotting the temptation, in which Lucifer declares his intention to endeavor to break Christ's fast with an appeal to "the craving of long-unsatisfied appetite," hoping in this way to render him more subject to his influence. After Lucifer's speech, Baccho says:—

"I rather judge that I with food or drink,
Of good-vile quality, might overcome
Messiah's fasting: there is mighty power
In wines made goodly-vile by mixing in
Decoction of strong roots digged secretly."

Then follows the scene of the Temptation, in which Lucifer tries to induce the Saviour to turn the stones into bread, and—eat, but does not mention the drink of "good vile quality." We somehow confused the character of Baccho's previous proposition with that of Lucifer's actual attempt.

WASHINGTON IN DOMESTIC LIFE. From Original Letters and Manuscripts. By RICHARD RUSH. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

A thin, elegantly bound and printed volume, principally prepared from letters sent by Gen. Washington to his Secretary, Col. Tobias Lear, from Col. Lear's Diary, and from information derived from that gentleman himself. It is chiefly made up of minute details, the effect of which is to show how Washington bore himself in his contact with small things, and to render clearer some well known traits in his character. It also brings something to history. Washington's own account of Arnold's treason is given in his own words from a report made by Col. Lear. An anecdote showing an interesting phase in the hero's character we here subjoin—it shows that he was not incapable of that "noble anger" which old Fuller terms "the nerve of the soul"—

THE WRATH OF WASHINGTON.

An anecdote I derived from Colonel Lear shortly before his death in 1810, may here be related, showing the height to which Washington's passion would rise yet be controlled. It belongs to his domestic life which I am dealing with, having occurred under his own roof, whilst it marks public feeling the most intense, and points to the moral of his life. I give it in Colonel Lear's words as nearly as I can, having made a note of them at the time.

Towards the close of a winter's day in 1791, an officer in uniform was seen to dismount in front of the President's, in Philadelphia, and, giving the bridle to his servant, knock at the door of his mansion. Learning from the porter that the President was at dinner, he said he was on public business and had dispatches for the President. A servant was sent into the dining-room to give the information to Mr. Lear, who left the table and went into the hall where the officer repeated what he had said. Mr. Lear replied that, as the President's Secretary, he would take charge of the dispatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer made answer that he had just arrived from the western army, and his orders were to deliver them with all promptitude, and to the President in person; but that he would wait his directions. Mr. Lear returned, and in a whisper imparted to the President what had passed. General Washington rose from the table, and went to the officer. He was back in a short time, made a word of apology for his absence, but no allusion to the cause of it. He had company that day. Everything went on as usual. Dinner over, the gentlemen passed to the drawing room of Mrs. Washington which was open in the evening. The General spoke courteously to every lady in the room, as was his custom. His hours were early, and by ten o'clock all the company had gone. Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear remained. Soon Mrs. Washington left the room.

The General now walked backward and forward slowly for some minutes without speaking. Then he sat down on a sofa by the fire, telling Mr. Lear to sit down. To this moment there had been no change in his manner since his interruption at table. Mr. Lear now perceived emotion. This rising in him, he broke out suddenly, "*It's all over—St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the route complete—too shocking to think of—and a surprise in the bargain!*"

He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused, got up from the sofa and walked about the room several times, agitated but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short and stood still a few seconds, when his wrath became terrible.

"*Yes,*" he burst forth, "HERE *on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor; you have your instructions, I said, from the Secretary of War, I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word*—BEWARE OF A SURPRISE. *I repeat it,* BEWARE OF A SURPRISE—*you know how the Indians fight us. He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet!! to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hack'd, butchered, tomahawk'd by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against!! Oh, God, oh, God, he's worse than a murderer! how can he answer it to his country;—the blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven!*"

This torrent came out in tones appalling. His very frame shook. It was awful, said Mr. Lear. More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair. Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into breathless silence.

The roused Chief sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent. His warmth beginning to subside, he at length said in an altered voice: "*This must not go beyond this room.*" Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said in a tone quite low, "*General St. Clair shall have justice; I looked hastily through the dispatches, saw the whole disaster but not all the particulars; I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice.*"

He was now, said Mr. Lear, perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by. The storm was over; and no sign of it was afterwards seen in his conduct or heard in his conversation. The result is known. The whole case was investigated by Congress. St. Clair was exculpated and regained the confidence Washington had in him when appointing him to that command. He had put himself into the thickest of the fight and escaped unhurt, though so ill as to be carried on a litter, and unable to mount his horse without help.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH GRAMMER. By Samuel S. Greene. H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philada.

THE COMPLETE SPELLING BOOK. By Daniel Leach, A. M. H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

THE CAMEL.

Importation of Camels by the Government of the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(CONTINUED.)

At Ali Pacha Meidan, or the Pont des Caravanes, several distinct varieties of camels may be seen. The stranger is at once struck with the colossal proportions, hirsute appearance, and proud and lofty bearing of the *Tulu*, often designated by travellers the *Turcoman* camel, though a deredgeh or camel-driver would not understand what was meant by that name. The *Tulu* (hairy) camel, is a cross of the *Bohoor* or male two-humped camel, known to naturalists as the Bactrian camel, with the *Arranah*, or female single-humped Arabian camel. It may be as well to state here that the single-humped camel, in whatever country found, is designated the *Arabian* camel by naturalists, and that the Dromedary is a swift, high-bred variety of this breed, and has greater speed and endurance, though it is unable to carry, even for short distances, as heavy loads as its slower cousins.

The Tulu is a remarkable animal in many respects. He is, with the exception of the elephant, the most powerful animal subjected to the service of man; yet so gentle and obedient that a child may manage him. His strength is very great, and it is not uncommon to see them loaded, for a short distance, with twelve and fourteen hundred weight; though on long journeys their burdens seldom exceed eight or nine hundred pounds. The Tulu has an abundant coat of hair, which covers his head, and hangs from his neck nearly to the ground. It is shed annually at the commencement of the warm season, and is sometimes used in coarse fabrics; it is of a rusty brown color, and weighs from seven to eight pounds. Both the male and female Tulus are valued on account of their strength and other good qualities; but as breeders they are of little or no value, for their progeny is comparatively weak, and is almost always vicious, intractable, and liable to disease. The progeny of the Tulu is called *kukurt*, a term synonymous to bastard, and may be known by its cross disposition, *mitigated* resemblance to its sire or dam, whichever the Tulu may have been, and comparatively small physical development. The female of the Tulu breed is called *Maya*, or *Maya Tulu* (literally "hairy female.") Most of this breed are raised by the Yorooks, a pastoral and *semi*-nomadic people, scattered over Asia Minor and the northern part of Syria. Travellers frequently designate them Turcomans, (hence the term Turcoman camel applied to the Tulu,) but they are an inoffensive people, in this respect offering a striking contrast to the predatory Turcomans. This primitive people receive the traveller with kindness and hospitality, offering him whatever they possess, gratuitously. They are often rich in camels, and through them the powerful Tulu breed is kept up—for as a general thing very little attention is paid by the Turks to the preservation of the breed of their animals.

The Yorooks keep Bohoors, which they obtain from Tartary, and value very highly. They are not numerous in Asia Minor, for during my stay there, though I sent far and wide for them, I saw but ten or twelve. Their owners ask high prices for them; though in the Crimea and on the shores of the Azoff and Caspian seas they are quite cheap. Some Bohoors are nearly eight feet in height to the top of the fore hump, though I saw none over seven feet eight inches. The tallest of the four purchased for the Government was seven feet six inches high. They are not used for labor in Turkey, and I doubt whether they could carry as heavy loads as the Tulu; moreover, the Bohoor's peculiar conformation renders it somewhat difficult to adjust the common camel pack-saddle to his back. I saw but one laden with a pack, and his humps were turned down and crushed under the saddle in a manner that must have been very painful to the animal. In the Crimea, where the Bohoor is the only species of camel known, he is used both for burden and for draught. Camels of every species may be used for draught, and the only drawback to their use in this way in the East is, that no carriage road can be said to exist in all Asia Minor. On a long journey, in the course of which mountains and ravines, torrents and rivers, have to be crossed, it would be impossible to use vehicles, but in countries where there are good roads, bridges and ferries, there is no obstacle to the use of the camel as a draught animal. They are simply yoked to the pole, like oxen, and guided with a halter; two of them can draw on a good road from 2,500 to 3,000 lbs.

The pure Arabian camel is designated by the Turks, *Deveh Tuileos*, "*hairless camels*," in contradistinction to the Tulu or *hairy*. The male is called *Leuk*, and the female *Arvanah* or *Avranah*. The Leuk is sometimes as tall and as powerful as the Tulu, but as his hair is comparatively short, he does not present as robust an appearance. A good sized Leuk is from seven feet two inches to seven feet four inches in height, and will carry with ease on a long journey from six to seven hundred pounds. They are of various colors; in Asia Minor mostly of a light brown. In Egypt, where the camel has more blood and approaches nearer to the dromedary in breed, the predominating color is white. The best color for a Leuk is a rich sepia, and its coat ought to be glossy and wavy. Some are trained to wrestle, and are muzzled to prevent their biting, for when a camel bites he generally takes the piece out. The *Pehlehvans* or wrestlers, as the camels are called, show great dexterity and cunning, and the Turks are as fond of camel wrestling as Spaniards are of cock fighting. Some keep a number of camels for no other purpose. They are decked out with all kinds of ornaments and finery, and have long strings of bells hanging from the saddle to the fore legs—also a number on their head stalls, and three or four large ones on the pommel of their saddles, which are covered with worsted work, beads, shells and looking glasses. As camels go in gangs of six, a *Pehlehvan*, if there is one in the band, takes the lead, though led himself by a small donkey. Several of the camels subsequently purchased in Smyrna for the U. S. Government were Pehlehvans. They are the best for stallions, as they are always selected on account of their size, beauty and strength. The Tulu is sometimes trained as a Pehlehvan, but notwithstanding his great strength he is not always a match for the more agile Leuk.

The female Deveh Tuileos, or Arvanah, seldom exceeds, in Asia Minor, six feet ten inches in height, and is generally several inches under that stature;—she can carry loads of from four to five hundred pounds. From the Arvanah are obtained all the different breeds of single humped camels, and to those who wish to domesticate this animal in the United States, it is essential to select none but the best, for on the Arvanah mainly depends the excellence of the future stock. If a judicious selection is made in purchasing animals for importation, we may eventually have a better breed of this animal than is found in any part of the world.

The instructions of the Secretary of War, requiring that the commission should visit Constantinople, Crimea, and Egypt, to ascertain where the best camels were to be found, it was determined to make no purchases in Smyrna, until after a return from those places.

At Smyrna, circulars were written to persons in the interior of Turkey, mostly missionaries, containing a series of questions relative to camels, by which it was expected much useful information would be collected. Circumstances did not permit the camel commission to extend its operations as widely as was originally intended. It had been in contemplation to visit Persia, where a fine breed is found, and a corps which may be designated "the Flying Camel Artillery" is employed in the Shah's army. This corps is found very useful in long forced marches, both in pursuit and retreat; each camel carries a light gun on a swivel, with the necessary ammunition, and a rider. They advance and retire with great rapidity, and the natural docility of the animal has rendered it easy to train it to the most intricate evolutions. There is no question that a corps of this description would be of great service in hostilities with the Indians on our south-western plains, and the Secretary of War was particularly desirous to have this corps examined and reported on. But, unfortunately, the disturbed state of the country, in consequence of the war then waging between Turkey and Russia, rendered the journey impracticable.

The Supply sailed from Smyrna for Salonika, where it was believed that a good breed of camels would be found, inured to the severe winters and rugged mountain paths of Roumelia; but though they are at other times in common use in this province, at the period of the Supply's visit they had been all taken up for transportation of military stores by the Sultan's Government.

At Salonika a solemn visit of ceremony was paid to the Pacha, a lethargic and rather obtuse old gentleman, who appeared much puzzled to understand what object the American Government could have in view in purchasing so very common-place an animal as the camel. He seemed rather surprised when informed that there were no camels in America, except in menageries.

On her way from Salonika to Constantinople, the ship was detained several days near the shores of Troas, by head winds.

Leaving Troy, the Supply entered the Dardanelles in company with a fleet of nearly six hundred sail bound to Constantinople and the Black Sea, and which had been accumulating at their entrance, in consequence of adverse winds, for weeks. So great a crowd of ships sweeping through this narrow channel, before a fresh southerly breeze, was a spectacle such as is rarely seen. Among them were vessels of every description, from the stately three-decker to the light *kirlanghith*, or "swallow" of the Greek Islands.

A few day's after the arrival of the Supply at Constantinople, preparations were made to visit the Crimea. The news of the fall of Sebastopol reached us at Salonika, and it was supposed that this would be the most opportune moment that would offer to obtain information about the Bactrian Camel, which is indigenous to the Crimea, and many of which, it was stated, were in constant use by the Allies.

The Commissioners took passage in the steamer Imperador. On arriving at Balaclava, we were received with much politeness by the British officer in charge of the transport service, who at once furnished the means to proceed to the camp. On their way there, the Commissioners stopped to pay their respects to General Simpson, commander-in-chief of the British forces, who kindly offered them quarters on Cathcart's Hill, overlooking the city; but to avoid giving trouble, they had supplied themselves with a tent, bedding, food, and cooking utensils. Their tent was soon pitched, near the cemetery which now crowns the hill, and whence a vast panoramic view was obtained of both sides the harbor of Sebastopol.

Most of the camels that the allies had seized or purchased from the natives at the commencement of the invasion of the Crimea, had perished during the two severe winters passed before Sebastopol, and the few that were left were but little used, as the besiegers had now excellent roads and abundant means of transportation.—The height of the Crimean camel is about the same as that of the Bohoor of Anatolia, and is probably of the same breed, though the Bohoors of Anatolia are originally from the country bordering on the Azoff and Caspian seas. None are bred in Asia Minor, and it is probable that not a single female of that breed is to be found there. The camel of Bessarabia is also two-humped, and is said to attain a larger stature than that of the Crimea. It is even affirmed that their average height from the top of the head to the sole of the foot is about nine feet four inches. As they do not carry their heads as high as their humps, this would make their height nearly ten feet. The Bessarabian camel may be a larger variety than the Crimean, it is very doubtful whether the difference between them is so great. The writer has seen many camels, but with a single exception none that exceeded seven feet eight inches in height. The exception was a long legged brute in Syria, which measured eight feet one inch and for which he was chiefly indebted to his stilt-like legs. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ THE POET'S PROVINCE.—We are all conscious of a dual life—the one we carry to the dinner-table and the place of business, and which dies with the body; the other, spiritual and immortal. It is the province of the poet to picture, in enduring colors, the glimpses of this inner life we so soon forget.—*J. R. Lowell.*

☞ AMIABLE.—The old French writer, Montreuil, writing upon the subject of his death, remarks that persons on going to sleep put out the candle, and is sorry, on his part, that on sinking to his "eternal sleep" he cannot annihilate the universe, and extinguish the sun.

THE ANGELS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How lovely and fair are the angels mild!
They have radiant faces more purely bright
Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;
They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,
And eternal flowers in their golden hair,
And their flashing wings which to thee would seem
Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam,
The angels wave so stately and light,
From rosy morn till the dewy night.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How softly and light soar the angels mild!
As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,
As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams glow,
As light as the mist in silver wreath curls,
As soft as the bud into blossom unfurls,
As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,
As soft as the nightfall o'er land and o'er sea,
Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,
On pinion of air soar the angels mild!

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
Where dwell the angels so lovely and mild!
Where the voice of the poor is heard in need,
There haste the angels with manna to feed;
Where o'er her sick babe the young mother weeps,
Bright angels flock nigh, and the little one sleeps;
Where the worn and weary faint and fear,
Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,
There swiftly speed, my darling child,
On ministering wing the angels mild!

And wouldst thou, my child, the angels view?
That on this earth thou canst not do;
But, if holy and pure thou livest here,
A beauteous angel will ever be near;
And in that hour when realms of light
Refulgent, dawn o'er the dimming sight,
Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,
Expand thy budding wings so soft:
And lo! in Elysium, my darling child,
Thou wilt be triumphant an angel mild!

L. M. L.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

After returning Mrs. Hardy to her home, and seeing that her mind continued in its improved condition, though still not entirely clear, the doctor went to Mr. Hardy at his place of business, and informed him of the favorable change which had taken place. The intelligence was not received with as warmly uttered pleasure as the doctor had expected to hear. Mr. Hardy had many questions to ask, and doubts to be removed. Did not the doctor think it rather precipitate to bring his wife home? Would it not have been wiser to have waited a few days, to see if the favorable change continued? He did not like the means used in her "temporary restoration," as he called it. It was his opinion that it would never do to leave Helen and her mother together. They would mutually enervate each other.

The doctor thought differently, and charged Mr. Hardy on no account to interrupt their intercourse, but to leave Helen to deal with her mother as her own heart might dictate.

"Depend upon it," said he, "she is wiser in this matter, from pure love, than either you or I in the pride of our reason. Let them alone. Her hand has opened already a window in her mother's soul, through which light is streaming. She has done more in an hour than I could have accomplished in weeks; more, probably, than I could have accomplished in years. Helen is the true physician in this case; and we must not interfere with her in the slightest degree. You may blame her for disobedience, in leaving school without your permission; but I see a Providence in the act; and you may well be thankful, even while you blame."

Mr. Hardy tried not to see this Providence; because he did not wish to see it. He had resolved that Helen should go back, and up to this time still meant to keep his resolve. But the new aspect of things was like placing a huge barrier in his way. The impulse to leap over this barrier at all hazards was very strong; but against the physician's injunction he dared not act in a matter where, if evil consequences followed, his reputation in the eyes of the world, must suffer deeply.

Mr. Hardy was always ready to make a virtue of necessity. He never yielded, so long as there remained any hope of accomplishing his ends; but, when the last hope failed, and acquiescence was inevitable, the man put on a new exterior, and sought for compensation in the good opinion of others. Finding that the doctor was decided, and that he was beginning to manifest surprise at his evident unwillingness to accede to the requirements of the case, he gave up all opposition, saying,

"You ought to know best, doctor, and I leave all in your hands. I am in the habit of viewing every matter that comes up for consideration on all sides, and making up my own judgment from my own reason. Of course I cannot always be right. Questions will arise wherein the judgment of others is superior to mine, and this, no doubt, is one of them. What is best for my wife and child is the problem to solve. Their good is the high end we both have in view. To gain this I am ready to make any sacrifice, however great. Ah, doctor! you should not wonder, with so much at stake, that I counsel at times with doubt, or hesitate to act, where the action proposed does not accord with my own convictions. My wife and child are both dear to me. I separated them—an act that smote my heart with inconceivable pain—because I saw that they were doing each other immense injury. The necessity that requires them again to be thrown together in even a greater mutual dependance, I cannot but regard as a serious calamity; and I tremble as I look forward to the consequences."

The doctor gave Mr. Hardy, after this speech, uttered with an exterior that deceived even beyond his language, credit for a great deal more than he deserved. But the latter was a skilled actor; so skilled that very few of those who met him in business or social intercourse penetrated the habitual mask, or dreamed of the cold selfishness that coiled itself, like a stinging serpent, below the bland and genial exterior of his life.

Still, the doctor was not altogether deceived. He had seen and heard enough to put him on his guard, and to satisfy him that Mr. Hardy, if not an unfeeling husband and father, was, at least, a mistaken one; and he knew that ignorance often wrought as fearful evil as design.—He believed that he had discovered, in the separation of Helen from her mother, the exciting cause of her temporary alienation of mind, and never admitted to the father, for an instant, that any possible injury could arise to either from their most intimate association and mutual dependance. Every now and then Mr. Hardy would introduce the subject by query or suggestion, but the doctor always met him on the threshold, and settled it without argument.

There was a change in Helen that surprised her father, and by the very power of a new aspect, compelled a modified treatment. He had parted with her a weak, weeping child, whose very suffering was a temptation to his love of power; she had returned to her home a calm, reserved, self-reliant woman, whose every step and mien, and tone of voice, commanded a respect that he almost felt it a humiliation to yield. The fire had penetrated to the centre of her being; but in suffering she had been changed, and now came forth purer in feeling, clearer in perception, and stronger to endure.—Her first requirement, on coming home from the Asylum, was that the stranger she had found in her mother's place should at once leave; and on no account be seen by her mother, except as a visitor. The doctor demurred; but Helen's answer, in which her reason for what she required was given, instantly brought the physician over to her side, and the woman, after due explanations were made, retired from the house without having been seen by Mrs. Hardy.

In no condition was the mother to assume the duties of her household. The light of reason had indeed broken through the cloudy veil, but it did not yet burn with a clear radiance. She required the wisest and the kindest treatment. Had she been left to her husband's blind discipline, they would have returned her to the Asylum in less than a week. As it was, the veil over her reason grew thinner every hour, and the light came in stronger. Things did not progress according to the judgment of Mr. Hardy, who suffered all the while from an impatient desire to put forth his hand and interrupt their movement. But Helen was quiet and firm, and the doctor very watchful and quick to admonish; and so, in the loving care of the one, and the wise supervision of the other, the blind home tyrant was kept from doing the harm to which his persistent self-will was constantly prompting him.

Happily, nothing occurred to interrupt the gradual return of Mrs. Hardy to the mental health which had been so seriously impaired; and when both mind and body were so far restored that she could fill her old place in the household, she found an arm to lean upon that was strong to support her feeble steps. Helen did not recede from the active position taken on the restoration of her mother, but maintained the womanly character so suddenly developed, and kept her place by her mother's side, and between her and her father's will, steadily as in the beginning.

Mr. Hardy found himself baffled in almost every attempt to bend his daughter out of the line of conduct her heart's instincts led her to pursue. She never met him in open opposition, and never so directly disregarded his commands or suggestions as to give room for his strong self-will to lift itself in stubborn power. The mild, even, calm self-possession that was rarely lost; the singular force and clearness of all the reasons she gave for her conduct when questioned—gradually inspired a feeling of respect and confidence that took its place in his mind even against the opposition of a meanly selfish pride.

Nothing more was said about sending Helen away to school, although Mr. Hardy did not admit, to himself, for a single moment, that he had abandoned the purpose; and he waited from day to day, and from week to week the occurrence of a good opportunity for announcing his will in that particular. But the opportunity never occurred. There was something about Helen that always put a seal upon his lips whenever his perverse self-will prompted him to utter the sentence of exile from home. And so he had to content himself with design in place of act. To have given up the former would have been to acknowledge that John Hardy was wrong—but John Hardy was "always right." Circumstances, that alter cases, were wrong in the present instance; and he yielded to the power of circumstances.

Time wore on; and no farther aberration of mind took place. Every day Helen gained a new and stronger influence in the household, and came in, protectingly, more and more, between the arbitrary will of her father and its sensitive members. Even against his own convictions and purposes did she bend the former; and she often led him, even while he meant to resist her influence, in the way she wished him to go, passive almost as a little child.

Back to its former condition of thought and feeling, the mind of Mrs. Hardy did not come. The work of restoration went on steadily to a certain point, and there progression ceased. A deep, pulseless quiet seemed to have fallen on her spirit. She moved about the house and among her children with a placid, absent demeanor. Her voice never rose above an even tone, nor gave a sign of emotion. It seemed as if every green thing in her heart had been withered; as if all the goodly trees had cast their leaves, and the singing birds found shelter no longer amid their branches.

At intervals, more or less remote from each other, a change would appear in Mrs. Hardy's state of feeling. It did not rise above the usual dead level, but sunk below it. A deep gloom, traceable to no apparent cause, would gather over her mind, and, for days—sometimes for weeks—she would not rise from her bed; or if wooed by her daughter's gentle entreaties to come forth and join the family, it was with a rayless countenance and eyes so sad that the heart ached to look into them. And so the months and years went by—lovely children springing up around the mother, and claiming her devoted attention, yet not seeming to have power to enter her heart beyond the pillared vestibule.

Alas for the home which Mr. Hardy had so fondly desired! The home, so beautiful in imagination, as, looking down the vista of years, he had pictured its pleasant confines, and seen himself happiest of the happy amid his wife and children. How lovely had been the ideal; how cold and sad the reality! What a terrible disappointment of all his hopes! He had been too eager and too selfish—trampling under foot the tender plants which alone could bear, in after time, the fruit he coveted. He had desired a home, with love-fires shining in perpetual radiance; but his cold, proud nature could not stoop to join in the work of kindling those fires, or in keeping them brightly burning. He demanded love and obedience; but his stern voice had in it no magical power. They came not at his call. Out in the world a strong, self will might bear him on to the accomplishment of his purposes; but when he sternly sought to bend, even at the risk of breaking, a woman's heart—when he commanded love and obedience at home—when too proud to woo, and too selfish to yield his own wishes for another's pleasure, he claimed smiles and affectionate acquiescence as a right, he found his will powerless to create what he thought to speak by a word into beautiful existence!

If Mr. Hardy, during all these long years of painful discipline passed through by himself and wife, saw, in a single instance, his error, pride suffered no repentant impulse to ripple in sunlight and promise over his feelings. As he had commenced he meant to go through to the last. "John Hardy had begun right, and John Hardy would end right." In the eyes of the world he was a mild, consistent, gentlemanly, benevolent man; and as he was in the eyes of the world, so he was in his own eyes. Often he returned to the past—often began at the beginning, reviewing the strange, unreasonable conduct of his wife from the very day he proposed having a home of his own up to the present period, and in all the troubled passages of their lives he saw himself a martyr, and his wife as a strange, self-willed being, who, because she could not have her own way, made cloud and darkness to gather in perpetual gloom around their dwelling. All this he thought out over and over again—but self love kept perception dim. Not once did he go out of his own consciousness, and so enter into the feelings and consciousness of his wife as to realize anything of her peculiar states, wants, or feelings. And so, over and over again, the conviction was reproduced that John Hardy was right. And when John Hardy was right with himself no rock could be more firmly based. He was a moral Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the progress of years, a few changes in the condition of Mrs. Hardy's mind took place. The withered heart showed signs of feeling. In the brooding warmth of her eldest daughter's love was a pervading vitality, that, as a source of life, was ever transferring itself to the mother, until her recipient forms of life began to receive and to react. If the result brought a deeper capacity for enjoyment, it also brought a deeper capacity for pain. If her mind was able to see clearer, the better vision revealed much that could not be seen without sorrow. As love, the very essence of her woman's nature, regained some of its outgoing impulses, and shot forth its clinging tendrils, the impulses fell back again, in shocks, upon her heart, and the tendrils wound their spirals in the formless air.

A woman with a highly organized spiritual nature, and with woman's eternal necessity upon her—the necessity of a union with a true masculine soul, the heavenly complement of her own—life could not flow into her heart with renewing warmth, without a restoration of desires never to be satisfied in this world. Then, as she realized again, with an acute perception, how strangely adverse to the right development and true growth of her spiritual nature, were all her marital relations, old questions intruded themselves, beclouding her mind, and filling it with perplexing doubts. Taught, from earliest infancy, to confide in and reverence the Divine Being as a loving Father of his human children, and still desiring to hold fast upon this estimate of her Creator, she found the ordeal of her own life too fiery, and her own experience too full of suffering in its worst forms, to leave room for any instinctive conclusions that were not in contravention of all her first ideas of a God full of Divine benevolence. Every day these thoughts troubled her more and more. The new life in her heart, was but a life in the old forms of her being. It was still woman's life; and as it grew stronger, her woman's nature felt the old yearnings, and love stood looking forth, sighing for true companionship.

Ah! bitterly as of old—yea, more bitterly, did she mourn the sad life-bondage to which a fatal error had doomed her. But there was one thought, ever and anon intruding itself, that brought a temporary relief. The end of her journey could not be far in the distance. Yet, quickly following this thought, came ever a troubled question,—"What of the future and its soul-affinities?" And there was no answer. How often her spirit stood still, hearkening unto the unknown, unseen world, and eagerly trembling in hope of some response. But the silence that followed her call was profound as the silence of death!

This was the state of Mrs. Hardy's mind, and such were her relations to her husband, her family, and to society, at the period of her first introduction to the reader, from which point we now trace briefly onward the history of her inner life. We repeat a single sentence from the conclusion of the second chapter, in order to return the reader's mind, by an easy transition, into the early progression of the narrative.

"A little while afterwards Mrs. Percival observed that Mr. Hardy was in the centre of a group of ladies and gentlemen, to whom he was talking in a very animated way. Mrs. Hardy was not on his arm. She sought for her through the crowded rooms, but, not finding her, went out into the garden, where she discovered her standing under an arbor, looking more like an immoveable statue than a living woman. As she came up, the light, streaming out from the open windows, and falling upon her cheeks, glittered among the crystal tears, and told that she was weeping."

Mrs. Percival took the hand of Mrs. Hardy, and held it very tightly within her own; but without speaking. For some moments, there was not the slightest motion or response.

"Dear friend!" A world of true sympathy was in the low, tender tones of her voice.

Instantly the hand of Mrs. Hardy clasped itself upon the hand of Mrs. Percival, and with a pressure that sent an electric thrill to her heart.

"Dear friend!" Mrs. Percival repeated the words with added tenderness. "Dear friend and sufferer!" she continued, "I am no curious intruder upon sorrow's sacred precincts. I ask no confidences. There are in all hearts secret places that must ever remain hidden from all eyes but those of God, the Wise and the Merciful; and far be it from me to desire even to have the veil removed. Such places are in my own heart, and I would die rather than open the door for any one to enter. All I ask is the privilege of a comforter, if there be power in me to speak consoling words. I have passed through many fiery trials—fiery, it may be, as your own; and I feel that I am stronger, and I hope, purer, through suffering. If you are weak and faint, will you lean upon my arm? Dear sister!" There came a sudden, irrepressible gush of feeling with the voice of Mrs. Percival. "I love you!"

Never was that closing sentence uttered with more truth or tenderness—not even by the lips of enamored manhood, in the flush of love's young dream.

"I am very weak—and the way is dark!" How mournfully those words were said. "Dear sister! my heart springs towards you. Oh! if you will let me lean upon you!"

Mrs. Percival drew her arm around her, as she replied,

"Can I say more to win your confidence?"

"No—no!" quickly answered Mrs. Hardy. "My heart accepts the love you offer, in thankfulness. Ah, my friend! your tones have gone very far down amid the deeper places of my soul, awakening echoes that have slumbered for years in silence—and your words have stirred a crowd of emotions, along the topmost waves of which light is glittering. Oh! if the day indeed is breaking?"

"Night, dear friend," said Mrs. Percival, "is only the absence of day. The sun is always in mid heavens; and the earth is forever revolving. The day-spring from on high comes as surely to the spirit, as morning to the sons of men. Lift up your eyes, and behold upon the far off mountain tops, blessed tokens of the coming dawn!"

"My vision is feeble, and my heart full of questioning doubts," replied Mrs. Hardy; "I cannot see the mountain tops. I have no true faith in the morning; and yet hope is fluttering in my heart!"

Merry voices now broke upon the air, and a group of laughing girls came bounding into the garden. Mrs. Percival drew her arm within that of Mrs. Hardy, and they moved down one of the walks. Two or three of the girls joined them, and kept in their company for some time, entirely interrupting their conversation, which was not renewed again during the evening.

A few days afterwards, they met under circumstances more favorable. Mrs. Percival called, as she had promised to do, upon Mrs. Hardy. As from the heart's fullness the lips have utterance, the former subject of conversation was soon renewed, and the dark mystery of life presented for solution. Mrs. Hardy's mind was calmer than before; and her thought clearer, but very earnest.

"What of our future lives?" she asked, in the progress of their familiar talk. "It is into the unknown beyond that my eyes are ever straining themselves. Hope in this life died out long ago; but, oh, my friend! what of the eternal life?"

"To the pure and good it will be a life of happiness," answered Mrs. Percival.

A shade of disappointment went over the countenance of Mrs. Hardy.

"I am not satisfied with any broad generalities like this. Happiness is a positive thing, made up of mental states that depend upon conditions of life. A vague, dreamy happiness is nothing. If we are to live for ever, *how* are we to live? and under *what* laws of association? Can death make me less a woman, or put out the instincts of my woman's heart?"

"No;" was the firmly uttered reply. "Death—or the separation of the natural from the spiritual—will make you *more* a woman, and quicken into higher life all your womanly instincts!"

"And it will be the same with man?"

"How can it be otherwise? Is not man as different from woman in mind, as in body? Death is only a withdrawal of the spiritual from the natural and the material; not an extinction of its inner forms of life. Man will remain man, and woman remain woman, as now. Thought can compass, from God-given reason, no other conclusion."

A deep sigh trembled on the lips of Mrs. Hardy. For some moments she sat lost in thought.

"As woman is the complement of man here, so will woman be the complement of man hereafter," she said, at length, speaking very deliberately.

"If I do not believe that," replied Mrs. Percival, "I cannot believe in my own life, nor have any faith in its yearning instincts. I have an ever abiding sense of personal incompleteness; an eternal longing for an interior companionship that signifies nothing less than oneness."

"Oh, my friend! How entirely have you given voice to my own feelings. But does not your heart tremble in doubt and fear, as you look forward into this unknown picture, over which the darkest veil of mystery is drawn?"

"No, it does not tremble," said Mrs. Percival, a light playing over her countenance as she spoke.

Mrs. Hardy gazed, for some time, into the face of her friend.

"There is one subject on which I want more light," said she, with the manner of one who was forcing herself into the utterance of something that was either painful or repugnant. "I have before spoken of affinities, and the laws of future association. It is on this subject that I am groping in the dark. Will the same laws be in force there, that operate here? Or, to speak more plainly, is marriage here a marriage for eternity?"

"A true marriage here is an eternal marriage!" replied the friend; "none other."

"What is a true marriage?"

"A union of minds."

"Ah!"

"Vows—pledges—promises—are but external bonds, and for this world only. They fall away at death, and are of no more after value than the body that descends to the pit. In the future life there must be a oneness of thought and feeling, or there can be no conjunction of soul with soul."

"Blessed faith! Oh, what would I not give to feel a divine assurance of its truth!" said Mrs. Hardy, with flushing cheeks and brightening eyes.

"Suppose," said Mrs. Percival, "there were, as has so often been imagined, a window in every one's bosom. Or, better, suppose the countenance were a mirror that reflected the spirit's true form, so that each one could see the quality of his neighbor, while his own stood revealed to the eyes of every curious observer. Would not hundreds and thousands who meet, now, in smiling confidence, who woo and wed, and find misery instead of happiness, be driven asunder at the first meeting? It is because men and women do not really *know* each other, or have false views of marriage, that so many wed unwisely. But in the other life, where each is seen and known as he is, there can be no mistakes as to quality, and no union of opposites. The affinities will be those of love and wisdom. Men and women will be attached or repelled according to the measure in each of wisdom, and the love of wisdom. The higher or more interior the wisdom of the man-angel, the deeper, purer and tenderer must be the love of that wisdom in the woman-angel who is to make his eternal complement."

Mrs. Hardy looked wonderingly into the face of her friend, and listened so eagerly that her breath was almost suspended.

"Do you comprehend me?" said Mrs. Percival, after a pause.

"It seems as if I were stepping from a dark chamber, into the blessed daylight!" was answered. "Oh, it must be as you say! What a world of dreams and shadows has been the future. But you have peopled it for me with loving men and women, who think, and feel, and love! My heart is already leaping with a new impulse. There is yet hope, and life, and, may I not believe, joy in the future?"

"God is love," said Mrs. Percival impressively.

"It must be so. Oh, what a light seems gathering around the words—God is love! And if love be His very essential nature, and He is as wise as good, then has He not created the heart of a woman, with all its undying impulses, its deep, loving necessities, without providing for her an eternal companionship."

"I could doubt my existence as well," replied Mrs. Percival. "But in this connexion, there is another truth that deeply concerns us. If we desire heavenly companionship, we must prepare ourselves for Heaven."

Mrs. Hardy sighed, and there followed a gradual drooping of her countenance.

"And this is not done by fasting and prayer," said Mrs. Percival; "but by right living. It is not done by brooding over our own unhappiness, but by seeking the happiness of others. As social anchorites, we gain nothing of heavenly states. Not as the old hermit, can we retire, in weakness or cowardice, from the life-battle, and hope to win the favor of the great Captain of our Salvation. The very life of Heaven is the love of blessing others out of ourselves, and if we do not acquire the love *here*, it will never gain an entrance into our hearts *there*; for no one really comes into Heaven after death. Heaven is a state of the affections, and these affections must first be born on the earth; for it is here that the true spiritual life, as well as the natural life, begins. As soon as these are born, we come into association with angelic spirits, and thus enter a Heavenly society, with which there will be visible presence when this mortal shall put on immortality. We must have on the wedding garment, the oil of true charity must be in our lamps, or we cannot enter into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

"I am afraid," Mrs. Hardy looked thoughtful even to seriousness, "that I am neither clothed in the wedding-garment, nor have oil in my lamp; but in the strength of Him who giveth all good gifts to His erring and sinful children, I will wear for myself a garment of truth, and buy oil for the lamp which has too long swung rayless in my hand."

"We too often forget," said Mrs. Percival, "in our own grief, pain or disappointment, that others suffer as well as we. That the spirits with which we struggle in a vain antagonism are suffering spirits as well as our own. That the links of the chain that binds us to another chafes also that other heart. Our tears are not always shed alone. The path we tread in darkness may be dark also to another's feet. Ah, my friend! there is, in all sorrow, whether for lost friends, or lost happiness, an element of selfishness that gives double anguish to the pain. If we could only think less of our own unsatisfied longings, and let our hearts go out in pity even for those who wrong and oppress us, because they are fellow sufferers, the burdens we bear would rest lighter on our shoulders. It is a fact worthy of note that the moment we let sympathy for another's grief find a lodging place in our hearts, that moment our own griefs bear upon us with a diminished pressure."

Mrs. Hardy scarcely responded to these remarks; but they took strong hold upon her thoughts; and she said, mentally, "How selfish I have been!"

"We censure the old recluse for retiring from the world," resumed Mrs. Percival, "instead of remaining in the world, bravely meeting its wrong, and striving to do some good in his day and generation. And are we that retire from the world, in the seclusion of our homes, brooding over the ruins of our earthly hopes, any wiser or better than he? No, my friend, we are not! Nay! Nay! Let us come out of ourselves. Let us look away from our own hearts to which we can bring neither light nor comfort, and see if we cannot bring light and comfort into some other heart. In this work our labor will not be in vain—and the blessing will be twofold."

"I thank you, dear friend!" said Mrs. Hardy, "for all that you have said. Ah! If we had met earlier!"

"It is never too late!" was the impressively spoken answer.

"No, thank God!" responded Mrs. Hardy, with a gush of feeling that surprised her visitor, who knew not how deeply her words had gone down into the heart of her suffering sister, nor with what better purposes they were already inspiring her.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was, perhaps, an hour after Mrs. Percival took leave of Mrs. Hardy, that the latter started up from a deep reverie at the sound of her husband's voice. The day was drawing to a close, and Mr. Hardy had returned from business. The perpetual shadow resting over his home—the coldness of the fireside circle—the absence of loving acts towards one who had not inspired love—all tended to sober, and, in a degree, to sadden the spirit of Mr. Hardy, who remained cold, dignified and exacting.

Of all this Mrs. Hardy had been thinking; and memory had carried her back to the early times when her young husband, in his eagerness to compass the blessings of the home he coveted, had trampled upon her feelings, and put out the light that was to warm and cheer and make beautiful his dwelling. And ever since they had walked on, side by side, in darkness. If her life had been a sad and dreary one, had not his been cheerless? Even if he had been wrong—nay cruel—was he not a sufferer? A new feeling stirred in the breast of Mrs. Hardy; a feeling of pity for her husband. Like a stranger in a crowded city, he was, in a certain sense, alone in the midst of his family. All treated him with respect; yet none seemed to love him. Even the youngest hushed their merry voices when he entered the room where they sported.

As Mr. Hardy came into the apartment where his wife was sitting, the latter raised her eyes to his face—a thing unusual, for her habit was to avoid looking at him directly. Each saw in the countenance of the other an expression that caused the eyes to linger. What Mr. Hardy saw was a something gentle, womanly and tender; for the heart of his wife was speaking in her eyes.

"How are you to-day, Jane?" He spoke kindly, and with a real interest in his voice. How many, many years had passed since that voice had in it the slightest melody for her ears! But, now, it awoke pleasing emotions.

"I feel quite well," she answered, in a low, even tone, while the expression of her face had in it something agreeable to the eyes that looked upon it half in wonder. "Are you as well as usual?"

Mrs. Hardy gazed with some earnestness at her husband. There was a change in his countenance, which she had not observed before.

"Quite as well," he replied. "Why do you ask?" he added after a pause.

"I thought you had a weary look?" said Mrs. Hardy, with so real an interest in her voice—not designed, but spontaneous—that her husband was touched with a feeling of tenderness unusual to his cold nature.

"I am often weary with the day's care and labor," he replied, "and glad when the hour of rest comes."

Mrs. Hardy said no more, but her eyes, that lingered upon his face, had a new light in them—the light of kindness. She thought of this care and labor to which he referred, and remembered that it was not all for himself—that she was a sharer in the benefit; and that he never withheld anything from her that money could buy if she desired its possession; while the home he provided for her and his children was luxurious.

"Have I done all in my power to make this home a pleasant one for my husband?" The question intruded itself almost rebukingly. "As a wife have I done my duty?" Self-conviction answered "No!"

Mr. Hardy was surprised; nay, more, pleased at this new aspect in his wife's manner, that broke upon him like sun rays falling suddenly through a rifted cloud. Very gentle was his demeanor towards her all through the evening that followed, and very guarded was he in speech and tone, lest he should call back the old, leaden aspect to the face of his wife, and change the grateful warmth of her present manner to the cold exterior she had so long worn.

The children noted the change, and a quieter tone of feeling pervaded their spirits. They drew around him with more loving instincts; and, instead of repelling them as was too often the case, he rather invited their confidence. His speech was more subdued, and his whole air so different from its usual aspect, that a pleasing wonder filled their minds.

Mr. Hardy noted this evening as the most agreeable to his feelings that he had passed at home, in the midst of his family, for many years. Its remembrance was with him on the next morning, and also the desire to pass many more such evenings. Like desert wanderers, faint through long journeyings under the exhausting sun, he had come to a spring beneath the palm trees, and paused for rest and refreshment; and now he felt stronger to move on again.

The first words spoken to him by his wife—how rare a thing was it for her voice to reach his ears burdened with any outgoing interest—took the form of a question as to whether she could not render him a service. He accepted the proffer, kindly made, with a pleased manner. Not in the least obtrusive was Mrs. Hardy. The change in her conduct was simply a change from cold indifference to a manifested interest.

Very careful was Mr. Hardy not to say or do anything that could wound or disturb this new and better state of mind. How different from his usual conduct! So accustomed had he become to the utterance of unkind words, the simple expression of his unkind feelings, that another form of speech was almost new to him; and he was in danger, every moment, of acting from the old habit instead of the new purpose. Once, as they sat at the breakfast-table, he forgot himself, and spoke to her with a cold sneer on his lip. He looked for a total change in her manner—for the instant going out of the light, the first faint rays of which had fallen upon him with a most grateful warmth. How deeply did he regret his weakness, and blame himself for unkindness.

Almost stealthily did Mr. Hardy lift his eye to the face of his wife, to see if the old expression had returned. No, it was not there! The long lashes had fallen, until they made a dark line on her cheeks, and her lips were closed rather more tightly than usual. If there was any change in her countenance, it was to a look of regret, softened by a spirit of enduring patience. A kind word soon left the lips of Mr. Hardy, and he had the pleasure to see its hoped-for effect on his wife.

All day, from the time he left home in the morning until his return at nightfall, was Mr. Hardy pondering this change in his wife's manner, and wondering at its origin. No event to which he could trace it, had occurred. There had been no change in him. He had been a hard and cold, and selfishly exacting as ever and even on the very morning of the preceding day, had permitted himself to speak to her with more than usual unkindness.

Almost the first thing observed by Mr. Hardy, on coming home, was some little arrangement for his comfort—a trifle in itself, yet evincing a thoughtful anticipation of his wishes. Its nature left no doubt as to the hand to which he was indebted for the service. He was touched and rebuked.

The meeting between himself and his wife was quiet, and slightly reserved on both sides; yet, in the manner of each, was a new spirit—the spirit of kindness. Doubly guarded was Mr. Hardy, lest, in a thoughtless moment, he should wound a sensitive nature, which he now felt prompted to shield from assault.

The deep, interior gratification felt by Mrs. Hardy at this favorable change in her husband, following so quickly upon a change in her own manner towards him, was not unmingled with painful regrets for past neglect of duty.

"Ah!" she thought, "if I have suffered, have I not also occasioned suffering? If my cup has been bitter, has not his been bitter also? A wife should be as the sun in her husband's dwelling; but I have not been even as the moon and stars!"

A deep sigh parted the lips of Mrs. Hardy. It reached her husband's ears, and, a thing

casual, did not fret him as of old; for he was a man who had little sympathy with sighs and tears.

Much easier than she had hoped to find them, were the new duties which Mrs. Hardy, in the awakening of better impulses, had prescribed for herself. The first effort was, perhaps, the most difficult. It was hard to forget self—to change the habit of years—to be kind towards, and thoughtful of another who had made her life wretched beyond the power of words to express. But after a beginning was made, and more particularly after the unexpected change in her husband's manner, following so quickly on the change in herself, the task was easier, and her reward was with her.

From that time forth, Mrs. Hardy walked in a plainer way, and there was light ahead. Upon this light she fixed her eyes, and moved steadily onward. If thought, from habit, inverted itself, and old, sad states began to return, she forced thought into the new direction again, and found in sympathy and regard for the good of others, a sustaining and a comforting power. Into the ground of her mind, thus prepared, a religious principle took deep root. But hers was not a mere religion of pious forms, or sanctimonious observances; but a religion whose essential worship of God was in a life of daily charity. Circumscribed was this charity, mainly, by the rules and bounds of her home-circle; but it had scope enough for exercise here.

One only friend could open the door of her heart; but that friend was not her husband. To him it was closed forever. Once he had the key, and might have entered in and possessed it as a kingdom. But that time had long since passed, and would no more return.

There is always an attractive beauty in the truly Christian spirit, let who will be its possessor; and only what is unselfish is truly Christian. Even to the selfish, there is a charm about any one who acts unselfishly. The power of this new principle—born through self-denial and prayer to Him who alone can lift the heart out of its natural loves, which all turn inwards—gave to the whole life of Mrs. Hardy, at least in the eyes of her husband, a dignity that claimed respect, and a nameless charm that extorted an almost unwilling admiration. After the first few weeks of wonder on the part of Mr. Hardy, and an effort to be and to seem all that her position required of her on the part of his wife, the new order of things moved on with an easy progression. Prompt, kind, considerate of all around her, and especially considerate of her husband, Mrs. Hardy removed the temptation to oppress her out of his way. Never claiming anything for herself; never seeming to think of herself; but always seeking to benefit or give pleasure, it was impossible for him to feel unkindness, or to find occasion for blame.

Gradually the whole character of Mr. Hardy's treatment of his wife assumed a new exterior. Finally, since that memorable evening on which she had a gentler expression on her face, she continued changing in his eyes, growing more and more like the true woman of his imagination, yet seeming all the while to recede from him. And she did recede, farther and farther, every day, taking on a spiritual quality and likeness so different from the quality and likeness of her husband, that interior consociation was impossible.

Wonderful was the change in Mrs. Hardy's countenance. First the dead pallor gave place to the faintest life-tints, and the inward-looking, motheless eyes grew bright with feeling. Then their old depths were restored. She had once been very beautiful. This beauty had faded until, to common eyes, but little that was attractive remained. But her beauty was again renewed—not the old beauty which was of the earth, earthy, but a new beauty, which was of heaven, heavenly—the beauty of an angel!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POETRY OF PLOUGHING.

Clear the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the burning sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside where the laboring train
Strands the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

O THE DEAD RETURN?—Dr. Johnson, speaking through Imlac, in *Rasselas*, upon the theory of disembodied spirits, says: "That the dead return no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make probable. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears."

Corroboration of this opinion of the great philosopher and sage, Lord Byron (himself an unbeliever in the supernatural) says:

"I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears;
And what is strangest under this strange head
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst this belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will."

THE VEGETABLE SERPENT.—A new organism of nature, being produced by naturalists, connecting link between animal and vegetable life, has been found in the interior of Africa, in the form of a serpent with a flower for head. This singular freak of nature is spotted in the body, drags itself along, and the flower forming its head is bell shaped, and contains a viscid fluid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are transformed into chyle. The indigestible portion, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by spiral rings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton and cartilaginous frame, is filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it a delicious food.

LULU IN THE MEADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the hilly slopes, with the dew
And the faint wind over-blown,
In the fields where the daffodils grew,
Down the meadows the mowers have mown—
I have waited, oh, Percy Alvine, for you,
In the summer-eve silence, alone!

Half in the purple night,
And half in the purple sea,
Blooming in amber and silver and white,
The queen-moon royally
Floats in her palace of music and light,
Through the dreams of her lover, the sea!

The hedge-mallows blush in the wheat,
And the soul of the midsummer dew,
Sits, glimmering white, at the sweetbriar's feet,
In the paths where the violets blew;
And winds blow cool from the gardens sweet,
To the fields where I wait for you.

I will weave me an odorous crown
Of the lilies that grow in the brake;
The meadow pink pale, and the daffodil brown,
And the fire-weed that shines by the lake;
For the wind has shaken my black hair down,
That was braided and curled for your sake!

Oh, hush! my wild heart, and be still,
'Tis only the wind in the pine,
And the shadows that drift at their will,
Where the starry-lit field-flowers shine;
Nay! 'tis the voice and the step, on the hill,
Of my hunter, my Percy Alvine!

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

Pembroke Farm, Cecil co., Md.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN AT BAREGES.

In a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an etablissement des bains; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long irregular street, which is called Bareges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very centre of Bareges. Of course the inhabitants of Bareges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or baraques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares. There is something to an Englishman almost incredible, and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down the valley in safety? the walk or ride, in summer, to the etablissement being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not—in fact—fifty other things? But no—the Bearnais of the mountains is familiar with the danger, he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and at all times the possible termination of it. Even in Bareges, where, as Pierre Palasson, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; and the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village; or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May, of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be an end, and many of the merchands began to erect their baraques. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on. All that day it snowed, and in the evening the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the baraques must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen baraques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger—one consisted of a father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche. The snow is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself much about.

The evening wore into night and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bedclothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Bareges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow, among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah, mon Dieu," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house—I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since day-break. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But, in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So, he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said,

"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion-soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much effusion; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses levelled, and all the wooden baraques swept away.

"C'est un rien," (this is nothing,) said Pierre Fallasson, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulder. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! To hear it come roaring down in summer when the snows have melted on the mountains—rocks, and stones, and trees, and rivers of mud, one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before reaching Bareges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village, and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, therefore, we may fairly say that the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come down at Bareges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, and with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those who are most affected by the inconvenience, the inhabitants, think nothing of it.

"The neighbors are so near," they say, "and we all help one another! What would you have more?"

What, indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.

IMPORTED MANNERS.—N. P. Willis says:—"We should be glad to see a distinctly American school of good manners, in which all useless etiquettes were thrown aside, but every politeness adopted or invented which could promote sensible and easy exchanges of good will and sociability. Good sense and consideration for others should be the basis of every usage of polite life that is worth regarding. Indeed, we have long thought that our country was old enough to adopt measures and etiquettes of its own, based like all other politeness, upon benevolence and common sense. To get rid of imported etiquette is the first thing to do for American politeness."

"PRAYER WHEEL" IN CASHMERE.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The dresses now in course of preparation are chiefly those intended for evening wear. An extremely light and elegant ball dress, which has just been completed, consists of tulle. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, above which descends a double tunic of tulle, edged round with blonde. The flounces are looped up with bouquets of white lilac. On each side of the tunic a long cordon of white lilac descends from the waist. The corsage is in folds, and the sleeves formed of puffs; and both the corsage and sleeves are ornamented with a trimming of white lilac. A round wreath, with pendant sprays of white lilac, is worn in the hair.

Another much-admired ball dress is composed of tulle of a beautiful bright green. The dress has two skirts, trimmed with bouquets and cordons of convolvulus of various colors, the same flowers being employed for the corsage and sleeves, and for the *coiffure*.

Some of the blonde lace just introduced for trimming ball dresses is figured with new and delicately-light patterns. The patterns most in esteem consist of flowers and foliage; for instance, flowers are intermingled with fern-leaves, rose-leaves, sprigs of heath, &c.

The recent novelties, prepared for ball and evening costume, include fichus and pelerines, destined to be worn over plain corsages. One of the fichus consists of a number of narrow frills of tulle, intermingled with runnings of colored ribbon.

The fans of the present season are no less elegant than those which have preceded them. Many of the new fans, of a superior style, have mother-o'-pearl sticks, or sticks carved in ivory in imitation of the fans of the sixteenth century. Spangled fans are among the favorites. The spangles are fixed upon either black or white crape, and the effect is sparkling, as they catch the light with every motion of the fan.

The head-dresses adapted for ball and full evening costume, which have been prepared within the last week, present no novelty beyond what we have already noticed. We may, however, mention a cap intended for dinner or in-door evening dress. It is composed of tulle and blonde, and is prettily trimmed with bows and ends of narrow pink velvet ribbon. An in-door morning cap is trimmed with a large bow and four long ends of scarlet ribbon, placed at the back of the cap. The strings are formed of the same ribbon.

Among the flowers which have as yet appeared, in readiness for the new spring bonnets, are lilies of-the-valley, intermingled with grass, and mounted in drooping sprays, and lilacs; the white and lilac kinds being combined. These lilacs are mounted in drooping sprays, so pliant as almost to resemble ostrich feathers. Tulips, violets, &c., have been mounted in a similar manner.

Several new bonnets have been prepared during the past week. We select, for description, one or two of those which present the most novelty. One is composed of white crape, and is trimmed with blonde and twists of green velvet. Neither flowers nor feathers form any part of the outside trimming; but in the inside green hyacinths, matching the color of the velvet in tint, are intermingled with ruches of blonde. The strings are of white ribbon. A bonnet of mallow color crape is trimmed with light frills of blonde and a mallow color feather. The under-trimming consists of blonde and mallow-color crocus. A white crape bonnet, covered with Chantilly lace, is rather profusely trimmed with violets. The under-trimming is formed of a wreath of violets and quillings of tulle illusion. The strings are of broad white ribbon.—*London Lady's Paper, March 21st.*

THE OSTRICH.—The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of the lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. A single blow from its gigantic feet (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the panther, the wild dog the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth herself on high, she scorneth the horse and the rider." On special occasions, and for a distance, its speed is truly marvellous—perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve or fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the feat in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is longwinded, if we may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops and buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is difficult to conceive how it can live at all; for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.

HISTORY OF LIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Day dawned. Within a curtain'd room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died. Behold before ye
Humanity's brief sum and story,
Life, Death, and all there is of—GLORY.

DOCTORING WINE.

Mr. Musgrave, in his account of a visit to Champagne says of a wine manufacturer, Monsieur L——, of Rheims:—

"He here pointed out nine casks lying in the court-yard, containing a ton of white sugar from the Isle of Bourbon, every pound of which cost ninepence. Hereupon I requested him to show me some of the genuine liquor—in the state, that is, in which it leaves the *pressoir* after the regular fermentation processes, and before sweetening syrup is added. He presently selected a bottle from some bins at hand, opened it, and poured out a glassful. A more unpalatable drink, under the denomination of wine, I never tasted. It was like Sauterne mixed with wormwood.

"'Now,' said Monsieur L——, 'I have taken out two glasses from this bottle. Here is a bottle of sweetened syrup, from which I will fill up the deficiency you have just seen created.'

"I witnessed this filling up; and he then handed the bottle to a cellarman, who corked and strung it in my presence.

"'That,' said he, 'will, at no distant date, become a bottle of primest quality. It is the Verzenay growth.'"

At dinner, at the house of Monsieur L——, on the same day, the following scene occurred:—

"'And now,' said mine host, 'let me offer you some of the best wine we have to boast of at Rheims.'

"The string and wire were instantly cut, and away went the cork on its aerial travels. Our glasses overflowed with the creamy stream, and my lips with compliments on its unsurpassable excellence immediately afterwards. It was, indeed, beautiful wine. When all the eulogium which such a creditable sample elicited had been exhausted, and the sober certainty alone remained of having lived—

'Thus to clasp perfection,'

the announcement was quietly made, of the bottle just emptied being the identical one from which I had endeavored, in vain, to drink a quarter of a glassful *two hours previously.*"

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

Earth putteth on the borrowed robes of heaven,
And sitteth in a sabbath of still rest;
And silence swells into a dreamy sound,
That sinks again to silence. The woods drone
A drowsy song, that in its utterance dies;
And the dim voice of indolent herds floats by,
With slow, luxurious calm. The runnel hath
Its tune beneath the trees. The insect throng,
Drunk with the wine of summer, dart and dance
In many play; and through the woodlands swell
The tender trembles of the ringdove's dole.
And here and there, from clustering groups of trees,
Rise hamlet spire and gables gray, half-hid
With green profusion—quaint manorial homes,
Whose quiet household smoke seems motionless
And pictured on the blue. —*Cradock Newton.*

THE DUTCH BURGHER AND THE EMPEROR.—A burgher of the famous suburb of Amsterdam—where, it is said, they sweep out every morning the bed of the canal with a hearth-broom—was once quietly smoking in the back parlor of his residence, when a rap, much louder than ordinary, was heard at the door, and an officer entered in the Austrian Imperial livery. The new-comer announced that the Emperor Joseph II. was on his way to visit the renowned retreat of the Holland merchants, and as the mansion of mynheer was among the most celebrated as a marvel of comfort and cleanliness, he intended to honor its master with a call.

"He will of course bring with him a proper introduction," observed the burgher.

"It is his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Joseph II.," replied the messenger—"the first potentate in Europe; and he is not likely to suppose anything further will be required of him than to announce himself."

"I know nothing of your Emperor," replied the Dutchman; "he does not belong to my acquaintance; and if he were even the Burgomaster of Amsterdam in person, I would not admit him without a proper presentation." The Hollander then resumed his pipe, and the Emperor was forced to return without a more intimate acquaintance with a Dutch merchant's villa than mere hearsay.

THE POETIC LAND OF CASHMERE.

In a recent number of the *Friend of India* the writer thus glances at the natural resources of this beautiful country, which, he regrets, are in great part lost to the people through acts of misgovernment:—

Nowhere has Nature lavished her gifts with a more bountiful hand than she has done in Cashmere. The valley has a climate wonderfully adapted for the European constitution—a climate varying, according to altitude, from the genial warmth of Italy to the frigid temperature of Lapland. The fruitful soil is capable of producing in abundance everything the heart of man can desire: rich meadows of lucerne and clover, watered by never failing rills; gently undulating hill sides covered with a sweet pasturage far excelling that of Australia. The mountains are clothed with magnificent timber, and are rich in mineral ores. There is a perfect natural inland water communication, connected by the Jhelum with Kurrachee. The water power which descends from the circle of the snow capped mountains is sufficient to turn the wheels of all the manufactories and mills of the world. Cashmere is itself the high road by which the merchant may send to the vast regions of Northern Asia the manufactures of England, the superabundant cereals of the valley, the sugar and spices of India, the salt of the Punjanb; receiving in return their unrivalled wool, their borax, their furs, their gold-dust, as well as many other products of the mountains which Anglo-Saxon industry alone can develope.

The accompanying characteristic Illustration is from the sketch-book of a Correspondent. In it is shown the interior of a Lama Temple, with a prayer-wheel at work. These wheels are about ten feet high by eight or ten in diameter, made of large rolls of cloth, on which the Lama faith is written, and inclosed in a wooden case painted all over with facetious and not very correct representations of gods, devils, &c. They turn on a pivot, and are pulled round by a strap in the manner represented; the Lamas fancying themselves on the high road to heaven all the time, pulling day and night, and not having time in consequence to wash.

Major Cunningham, in his admirable work on Ladak, more minutely describes this prayer-wheel as he witnessed it in operation in that country:—

The prayer cylinder, or *maunichhos khor* (the precious religious wheel,) is a very ingenious instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetians. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder about three inches in height, and from two to two and a half inches in diameter. The axis is prolonged below to form a handle. The cylinder is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. Every Lama carries a *chhos-khor*, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain to the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the *chhos-khor*, is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying the number of a man's prayers. * * * These instruments are found of all sizes and in all positions. Cylinders about one foot in height are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving.

In addition to the long-haired bull, and the kiang, or Thibetian zebra, with horses and other animals of common species, Ladak produces the celebrated shawl-goat, yielding that curly, soft, and glossy wool used in the fabrication of the most costly shawls. The best kinds are only manufactured to order; but the commoner sorts are sold in Yarkund, at prices varying from £10 to £60 the pair. The number annually exported is usually about five hundred pairs, worth altogether £5,000. The great sheep of Thibet, however, are its most valuable creatures, supplying food, clothes, and carriage.

It is lamentable to find the country blighted by the misrule of Ghulab Singh, whose sole object appears to be the increase of his private fortune:—

From the purchase of a Cashmere shawl to the sale of a basket of apples, from the auction of an elephant to the barter of a kid, no transaction can take place without payment of his commission. No native traveller can pass into or out of his territories without everything the man possesses passing through the taxgatherer's sieve. The pony he rides on, its saddle and bridle, the clothes he wears, the money in his purse, the ring in his wife's nose, are all rated as merchandise, and taxed accordingly. The gatherers plunder the trader at every river, at every pass, and at every town.—Whole villages are deserted, the country not half cultivated, the grand high road to Central Asia deserted, and the nations north of the Jhelum supplied by Russian traders. No observant traveller can pass through Cashmere—we write on the testimony of an eye-witness—without being struck by the wo-begone look of the population. No one ever sings in Cashmere. The bright clothes and natty turbans of the British cities are exchanged for mean and filthy garments. The trappings of the horses, the silver jewels for the women in which the citizens of Delhi and Agra, Umritsur and Mooltan, delight, are at Jummoo made of tinned iron.

The Lamas of the neighboring regions of Thibet were but recently despoiled of their accumulated treasures, now stored up in forts to which no European is allowed access. Lamas without noses, coolies mutilated for attempting to escape, old sepoys reduced to starve after losing toes and fingers in the cold of Iskander, appeal to the traveller, beseeching him to hasten the advent of the British raj. The people, crushed down to utter apathy, are ceasing even to toil, and in a few years the traditional arts of Cashmere will be almost extinct.

MEDICAL DUEL.—In the prints of "Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors" is a view of Gresham Gateway, entering from Broad street. Within the gateway are two figures, one standing, the other kneeling. These are Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward. Woodward had done something professionally which offended Mead. Mead, therefore, meeting him in this place, when returning to his rooms in the college, drew, as did his adversary. In the combat, Mead got fairly the advantage, and commanded poor Woodward to beg for his life. Woodward's answer was couched in excellent wit. "*No, Doctor, that I will not till I am your patient.*" But Mead was inflexible; Woodward had to submit, and the picture represents him in the act of yielding up his sword.

Paris Letter.

A Halt in the Debate—An Inconvenient Visitor—Dynastic Dinings—Old Soldiers—The Good Time Coming—Imperial Ambitions—The Prevailing Mania—Under the Surface—Last Attempt on the Emperor—A Couple of Warnings—Revengeful Wife—Literature and Finance—The Prince and the Doctor—A Revival of Ancient Vegetation.

Paris, April 2nd, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The *mi-careme* is not only the "half-way house" mercifully left open for the delectation of the faithful in the middle of their weary journey through the fishy rigors of Lent; it is also the annual festival of the washerwomen, the carpenters, and several other corporations of artizans. A bright day having been vouchsafed to Paris on this festive occasion, all the bands of rejoicers were out in full force, parading the streets with flags and streamers, and preparing for the immemorial junketings and dances at the *barriere*, which wind up the merry makings of the day. An unusual number of masks were out this year; some on foot, others in open carriages, and others again in whimsically ornamented cars. During the middle of the day, the crowd was so dense in the principal streets, that it was next to impossible to force one's way along them. The jollifications peculiar to the day would be very well, were it not for the abuse of alcoholic drinks to which they too generally lead. A vast number of the working-classes remain all night at the restaurants of the *barriere* where their dinner is prepared; to the business of eating succeeds that of drinking; and this again is followed by saturnalian scenes that defy description. Next morning this wild and weary multitude, in a disorder of ideas and of toilette that must be seen to be appreciated, make their way down the streets leading from the scene of their frolic to their places of abode. This tumultuous and utterly disreputable procession is called the *descent de la courtille*; a relic, one would be glad to see disappear, of those "good old times" one would fain think are gone by forever.

The town is still ringing with the astounding feats attributed to the American medium, Mr. Hume, or Home, mentioned in a late letter; and opinion is divided as usual upon the subject. The wags declare that he evoked the spirit of Louis Philippe, a night or two ago, at the Tuileries, and that the late ex-sovereign kissed the Empress, but gave her imperial husband a slap in the face. Mr. Hume's sudden departure from Paris is offered as a proof of the anger thus excited in high places, and of the truth of this extravagant story. The lionizing of the past fortnight has been divided between Mr. Hume and his "spiritual" doings, and the astounding feats of a young nobleman whose skill as a conjuror is such as absolutely to bewilder the most incredulous. On another occasion I may have something more to say on this curious subject.

The anniversary of the birthday of the "Hope of France," has been duly celebrated by a grand dinner given in his honor by the Imperial Guard, of which gaily-accoutred corps, arrayed as never were "lilies" of any other "field," the baby-prince was made a member an hour or two after his entrance upon this sublunary sphere. While this splendid corps have been drinking champagne in honor of their youthful brother-in-arms, the Duke de Plaisance has presented a report to the Emperor on the carrying out of the testament of his great predecessor, who left the sum of 400,000f. to be distributed among the soldiers of the empire; provisions which his wife's grandson is scrupulously executing. It appears that 67,709 of Napoleon's soldiers are still alive; of these, 40,000 have applied for aid, the others are in a condition of fortune which makes them independent. The amount left by Bonaparte has already been distributed, but has served to relieve only 4,207 of these necessitous old veterans. Of those relieved are 581 survivors of Waterloo, particularly mentioned in the will of the captive lion of St. Helena, whose residence on that barren rock, as well as the spot where his ashes have lain, have just been ceded by the British Government to the French, and are to be preserved in future with religious care by their new possessors. The remaining relics of the armies of the modern Alexander are to be pensioned out of funds yet to be applied to that purpose.

The Postal Convention, composed of delegates from all the German States, has held its last session, in Munich. The bases of a general system of Posts for Germany have been harmoniously consented to by all; and will no doubt be ratified by their respective sovereigns. This is evidently a step in the right direction; in Belgium, too, the rate of postage in the interior of the kingdom has undergone a reduction of one penny—but when shall we have the pleasure of seeing an international postage system adopted by the whole globe, and letters carried to and from every part of its surface, as is the dream of some of our contemporaries, for the uniform sum of one penny? If, as Carlyle tells us, "all war is misunderstanding," it is probable that, when that time comes, we shall be nearly out of danger of the occupations, burnings, bombardings, and other forms of slaughter and misery, which have formed so large a part of the staple events of our unhappy little planet up to the present moment.

But the "universal penny postage" is not yet, unhappily; and we shall no doubt see a few more international *rows* before it is. How much longer will it be before we see an uphaving in Italy, which the young Emperor and his equally youthful wife have just quitted?—Notwithstanding the universal dissatisfaction filling the hearts of the Italians, things hardly seem, as yet, ripe for the coming movement.—The affectionate understanding between the courts of Paris and Vienna will probably do good by delaying an outbreak which, in the present conjuncture of affairs, could hardly be successful. Before quitting Milan, the Emperor, who it is believed will ere long pay Paris a visit, went over the School of Fine Arts, where the statue of Napoleon I. was pointed to him, lost in an obscure corner of one of the rooms. "It is not in its proper place," remarked Francis Joseph, "it should be placed in sight of all. Napoleon has done enough for Milan to entitle Milan to contemplate his features every day, and at all hours." After the utterance of which *gracieuseté*, apparently intended for the ears of the present occupant of the Tuileries, rather than of the Milanese, he *gave directions that it should be replaced in the public garden, on a pedestal.*

Your readers may remember the mention, in a recent letter, of the mysterious disappearance of a pastry-cook of Rouen, a M. Gadmer, and his whole family, about a month ago, together with the efforts then making by the authorities to trace the missing family. A few days ago, the bodies of Gadmer and his wife were found in the river, closely bound together by a shawl. It is impossible to discover any plausible motive for a wholesale suicide, which has thus cost the lives of six persons.

The passion of the French for committing suicide is such that the thing is almost becoming comical. Yesterday's papers recount the suicide, by fumes of charcoal, of a family Orleans, *father*, mother, little daughter, *and dog*, who have taken this method of getting rid of their worldly existence, in a fit of disgust occasioned by the loss of a lawsuit about a bit of ground actually not worth the trouble of a quarrel. There would almost seem to be a sort of suicide-epidemic in the air.

The approach of the elections for members of the Legislative Chamber, has been the signal for a large number of arrests. Those who are known to have talked independently about the affair, against the Government candidates, or the passivity of the Chamber, are laid in wait for by the police, seized, and sent off to Cayenne, the fact of their arrest becoming known to their families and friends only by the fact of their disappearance. Thus, a few days ago, a *razzia* of the police swept off the greater part of the friends of a well-known Democratic gentleman here, in whose drawing-room very bold things were habitually said by the guests. A few of them, warned in time, have managed to give the police the slip, and are off to England, Jersey, or elsewhere, for safety. One of these, having heard that an intimate friend of his had disappeared, got into a cab, and hastened to his father's house, intending to put up a change of linen, replenish his purse, take leave of his mother, and be off instanter. Turning the corner of the street in which he lived, the young man espied a person whom he recognized as an agent of the police in plain clothes, with another, who seemed to be with him, hanging about just inside the doorway of his house.—Pulling the check, he ordered the coachman to drive at once in another direction, that of the house of a friend, whom he was lucky enough to find at home. From him he borrowed a sum of money for his journey across the frontier, and a passport; and having charged him to explain the reason of his flight to his parents, drove off at once to the railway, and was fortunate enough to get out of France unmolested. To hear of these adventures of one's personal friends, suddenly become invisible, is decidedly "too exciting to be pleasant;" but when the victims, thus tracked by the police, are found to have been snapped up by them, and are therefore booked for the sufferings and probable death of the penal settlements in Cayenne and elsewhere, the excitement of this strange dramatic existence becomes extremely painful. About one hundred and fifty young men have been taken in this "haul;" they are all known as warm republicans, but the immediate cause of the *razzia* is simply the free way in which they have talked of the approaching elections. All ranks are equally exposed to these rigors. Last week, the brother-in-law of my servant, an honest, well-conducted *carrier*, allowed himself, during the hour allotted at the workshop for the despatch of their simple dinner, to talk of the high prices of the present time, with the remark that, "after all, things were dearer than under Louis Philippe, and, for his part, he did not see what the poor had gained by the exchange;" that same evening, on going home from his work, he was pounced upon by the police, and hurried off to prison, where he now is. His family, entirely dependent on his labor, are of course in the greatest fright and distress; with the loss of the means of support for themselves, they have also the fear of Cayenne for him before their eyes. For there is now no show of trial in the case of these arrests; not less than 500 to 600 people are arrested every fortnight or so, in Paris only; and of these the greater part are slipped off as soon as possible to the pestilential prisons across the ocean.—And France tolerates this regime!

Not patiently, however. The Emperor is the object of frequent attacks, of which the papers are forbidden to speak; and which are thus known only partially to the rest of the community. Only last week one of these attempts took place, the assassin having posted himself at the gates of the beautiful Duchess de Castiglione, with whom his Majesty is just now desperately in love. It was known that he was at the magnificent fancy ball given by the Duchess, and the assassin counted on doing his work as he stepped into his carriage. But the Emperor is protected by a coat of mail that covers his Imperial person from the neck to the feet; he can only be reached through the head, and it seems that to take aim, so suddenly, and under such difficulty as must be the case in making an attack on one so surrounded, the chances of success are exceedingly slight. The assassin is understood to have been seized and carried off instantly; and was probably put to death without ceremony or delay, on reaching the nearest prison, as is usual here in such cases.

It is but fair to add that the beautiful woman on whom the Emperor is bringing to bear all the power of his fascinations, is believed to be utterly indifferent to her formidable admirer. She adores her husband, to whom she is but recently married; and the latter has such perfect confidence in his wife, that he refuses even to leave Paris with her, as his more experienced friends are advising him to do.

The police are also very sharp just now after the journals. A "warning" has been given to the *Presse*, and to George Sand, for the novel, (scene in Italy,) called *Daniella*, which the gifted authoress has just published in that journal, and which is qualified by the censorship as "containing an attack upon the Sovereign Pontiff and his government." The ultra-jesuitical journal *l'Univers*, has been favored with a similar attention on account of an article which is construed into "an attack on the respect due to the laws and the State." "The State" of today, like the famous *l'etat cest moi*" of Louis XIV., being of course understood as the equivalent of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

Several of the literary people here have also got up little quarrels of the most violent character among themselves, to the great amusement of the rest of the world. Among these, one of the most conspicuous is that of Alexander Dumas, Jr., against M. Mires, the eminent banker, whose judicious criticism on the narrowness and one sidedness of the young author's last play, "The Question of Money," (alluded to in a recent letter,) has been so damaging to the reputation of that production. The author, (a professed wit,) has vowed not to let a day pass without his having discharged some stinging witticism against the banker; and his *mots*, regularly uttered, and industriously repeated, are greatly enjoyed by the public to which he specially belongs. In this revengeful crusade, the younger Alexander is but imitating a similar vengeance of his sire, who, when M. Buloz, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had criticised his romance of *les Mousquetaires*, bethought himself of an odd way of publishing to the world the feelings of affectionate respect with which he regarded his reviewer. Whenever he wrote a letter, no matter to whom, Dumas, Sr., calculated, as nearly as possible, the distance between the abode of his correspondent and that of M. Buloz, who was then living in the rue St. Benoit. This done, if his correspondent chanced to live, say in the rue de Poitiers, he wrote the address of his letter thus:

TO M. X.

Rue de Poitiers.

Four streets from that dolt of a Buloz.

Suppose the correspondent lived at Orleans, the same calculation was made, and the address ran as follows:

TO M. X.

Orleans.

82 leagues from that dolt of a Buloz.

One day, having to write to an English baronet, he directed his epistle:

TO SIR JOHN ——.

At ——,

England.

116 miles from that dolt of a Buloz.

And so on. No less than 2,000 letters were thus superscribed by the angry romancer before his patience gave out, or some other offence called forth his acrimony in another direction.

Dumas, Sr., is supposed, however, to have borrowed his revengeful idea, in part, at least, from the expedient hit upon by another wit, who, when travelling through France, stopped at a country inn, dined there, and was thrown into a great passion by the extravagance of the sum charged for his dinner—a charge which the innkeeper, who had not the pleasure of taking in a fine Paris gentleman every day in the year, and was determined to make the most of the opportunity, resolutely refused to diminish. The traveller paid the bill, therefore, and went on his way. But the next day the innkeeper received a letter, (not paid, of course,) beginning thus:

"My Dear Sir,

Your soup was good, but horrible dear," &c.

Two days afterwards, came another letter, containing the same statement. And so it went on. The writing of the letters, as well as the post-marks, were constantly changed; so that the unlucky tavern-keeper was constantly taken in. Moreover, parcels, boxes, hampers, labelled "wine," "fish," "game," &c., were always arriving; and when paid for, and opened, among the straw and rubbish that filled them, a letter was sure to turn up containing the fatal words, "Your soup was good, but horribly dear," &c. Ruined by postages, and reduced to despair, the unfortunate innkeeper was at length compelled to break up his establishment, and betake himself to a distant part of the country.

A magnificent subscription-ball has been given by the actors, actresses and artists at the Opera-Comique; the proceeds being devoted to the fund for the relief of indigent "Stars." A bit of gossip just going the rounds here, in connection with the ball, tells how Prince P., an Italian nobleman equally renowned for rank, wealth, and parsimony, being rather unwell the other day, determined to consult the well-known Dr. Ricord, and how, afraid of having to pay too large a fee if he betrayed his rank, he disguised himself, for the nonce, in the livery of his valet. The consultation over, the false valet took out a splendid purse, and was about to open it, when the doctor said, good humoredly, "No, no, my good fellow, you owe me nothing; I can't consent to break in upon your little savings."

"But," returned the man in livery with an air of offended pride, "although a servant, I am richer than you think me. I have the honor to be in the service of Prince P."

"Ah, indeed! and your prince gives you handsome wages?" said the doctor.

"The prince is very generous," answered the pretended valet, proudly; "and he gives me quite enough to enable me to acknowledge in a suitable manner the service you have rendered me."

The doctor still refused, but the valet nobly insisted; and refused to withdraw until he had forced upon the astonished doctor *a fire-franc piece!* The next evening the illustrious physician, being at the Artists' Ball, espied his quondam patient, no longer in livery, but arrayed in a costume whose embroideries alone must have cost over four thousand dollars, blazing with the orders of all the courts of Europe, and displaying all the majesty of air that befitted his rank. The prince is reported as having turned rather red on perceiving the doctor, of whom he took not the slightest recognition. The doctor, on his side, did not recognise the prince; he was cruel enough to recognise only the valet, and addressing himself with a patronising nod to the wearer of the orders and embroidery, he said to him pleasantly, "My good fellow, do me the kindness to call my carriage."

Specimens of a wonderful new wheat were displayed at the last meeting of the Agricultural Society by M. Drouillart, an eminent agriculturalist of Brittany. Each plant consists of 41 stalks, (ordinary wheat averaging 12 to 15 stalks only,) each stalk is 10 feet high, and the yield, in 1855, was 60 for 1 when sown broadcast, and 550 for 1 when planted separately. M. Drouillart stated that a friend of his, when in Egypt, was present at the opening of an ancient tomb, and found, in a mummy-case, 6 grains of wheat, which appeared to him sound, and which he planted in five separate pots. Each of these grains sprouted, to his great delight, and produced between them 1,200 grains. These he sent to M. D., who divided the present into three portions; sending one third to an agricultural notoriety in the South of France, another to one in the East, and keeping the rest himself. All have thriven, equally; but in each case, an enormous difference in the yield has been found to result from the difference of planting.

QUANTUM.

AN ENGLISH PULPIT CELEBRITY.

A lady writing from England, thus speaks of Spurgeon, the present pulpit celebrity of London:—

"The church was well filled without being overcrowded, and we were much pleased with Mr. Spurgeon. His style is rather peculiar, and I dare say you have seen many of the newspaper anecdotes about him. He is very eloquent, but at the same time he makes use of very ludicrous expressions, which cause much amusement. For instance, he designated us, (his congregation,) *small fry*, and then, after expounding that part of the Revelations in which it speaks of the 'Angel keeping the gate of Heaven,' he pretended to hold a dialogue with the aforesaid angel somewhat in the following manner: 'Angel,' shouts Mr. S, so loudly that he made the church ring again, and his audience were so surprised that for the time being perfect silence reigned. 'Well,' says the angel.' Mr. S.—'Have you got any Methodists in Heaven?' Angel—'No.' 'Any Baptists?' 'Not one.' And he went through a long catalogue of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, &c., &c., at the top of his lungs, as though he were talking to some one in the next street—the angel objecting to each until at length, he said, 'Have you got any believers in Christ?' upon which the Angel said, 'he had a few of that stock on hand.' Of course every one was in a titter, and you could hear them laugh all over the church. He told one or two rather ludicrous stories, but still it was nothing to what they tell of him in London.

"A few weeks ago he singled Lord Palmerston out of his congregation, and told him 'he needn't think so much of himself, for his father (meaning of course, Adam,) was a market gardener, and his mother was brought up on a charge of stealing apples.' Upon another occasion he told the assembled multitude 'that the way to hell was smooth and easy like this,' said he, and straightway he opened the pulpit door, put his foot over the banister, and slid down, as you have often seen little boys do. He then stopped for a moment and said, 'but the way to Heaven is hard like this,' and then pulled himself up again, which operation was rather difficult, but the congregation received this practical illustration with great applause. It is really very wonderful, that so young a man (he is only twenty two) should create such a sensation, but still many go to hear him merely from curiosity."

Discovery of Lighting by Gas.—The first gas lights may be said to have discovered themselves. The most remarkable natural jets were found in a colliery at Whitehaven and Cumberland. The miners were at work one day when a gust of air of powerful odor passed by them, and, catching fire at their lamps, blazed up with such brilliancy that the colliers took to their heels in fright. It was found, however, that the flame, large as it was, burnt quietly and without danger, and the men returned to their work. A curious result then appeared. The flame was entirely put out, but immediately rekindled on the approach of fire, so that the only way to get rid of the gas was to conduct it to the top of the mine. A tube was fixed for this purpose, and the gas, being lighter than the air, ascended to the surface. As soon as it appeared there it burst out once more into a brilliant flame, and crowds of people assembled to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The application of gas to general purposes of illumination was first tried by a Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, in 1792. The first display of gas-works was made at Boulton and Watt's foundry, in Birmingham, on the occasion of the rejoicings for peace in 1802. Gas lights were first introduced into London in 1807; now the pipes in the city extend about 1,200 miles.

Varying Power of Sea Breakers.—Mr. Stephenson, the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse, found, by experiment at the Bell-Rock and Skergoore Lighthouses, that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with about double that weight, or three tons to the square foot; and thus it is reckoned that a surface of only two square yards would sustain a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to about fifty-four tons. When, in November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and another at the beginning of 1829, blocks of limestone and granite, from two to five tons in weight, were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About three hundred tons of such blocks were borne a distance of two hundred feet, and up the inclined plain of the breakwater, and they were carried over it and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, seven tons in weight, was in one place washed a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. Blocks of two or three tons' weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurled over into the harbor; and one of nearly two tons, strongly ironed down upon a jetty, was torn away and tossed upward by an overpowering breaker.

☞ In Africa they punish naughty boys by rubbing red pepper in their eyes. It is said to make them very *smart!*

☞ Authors have a greater right than any copyright, though it is generally unacknowledged or disregarded. They have a right to the reader's civility. There are favorable hours for reading a book, as for writing it, and to these the author has a claim. Yet many people think, that when they buy a book, they buy it with it a right to abuse the author.

☞ Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—*Lamartine.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

We have foreign news to the 8th inst. The principal item of interest is the fact of an active demand for money at the London Stock Exchange, which took place on the 7th inst., at 6@6½ per cent. The Bank of England raised the rate of interest for loans on stock to 7 per cent., which caused a general decline of prices. The English funds further declined ¼ in consequence of the tightness of the money market.

Consols are quoted at 93a93¼ for account. The foreign securities market is also heavy under the influence of the decline in Consols. All the other markets were affected by the Consol market, and are drooping. Cotton quiet. Breadstuffs quiet. Provisions steady.

The French manufacturers, encouraged by the new American tariff, anticipate a profitable business with the United States. Queen Victoria's accouchement is daily expected. Reforms are progressing in Turkey. On two occasions Christian witnesses have given evidence against Turks, and the latter have been found guilty. The English elections are nearly over. The Liberals, Palmerston's party, have already one hundred and sixty majority in Parliament. The mutinies which is raging among the cattle in Great Britain, has also appeared in Austria, and is spreading in Northern Europe. The Neufchatel Conference has adjourned indefinitely, in consequence of the impracticable demands of Prussia.

Father Taylor and a Sea Lawyer.—On Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen, and others—it is crowded every Sunday evening—to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor, setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea lawyer rose and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners, in a style of forecastle eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy.—"Talk," said he, "about the physical wants of poor Jack! why, he's all wants! He wants better wages; he wants watch and watch; he wants biscuits without crawlers; he wants a water-tight hole to sleep in; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger, and Father Taylor says he wants religion. This last, he is told he can get for nothing, and I suppose this is true, for it is not tradable; but if it could be sold, Jack might want that, too, till he was sent to Fiddler's Green. Why, my friends, there are in all large ports a set of very moral ship owners, who are continually on the scent for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum, because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets, and they would take away his salt horse to-morrow, if he could be fed on hay, like a horse. But, good souls, they want Jack to be moral, to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits!"

"Stop, brother!" cried Father Taylor, at the top of his lungs, "I move that you come up here to the altar, and pray for the speedy conversion of such hard-hearted ship-owners! Come along—the Lord is all ready to hear you!"

The sea lawyer was nonplussed for a moment, but only a moment. Without making any reply, he bounded over the backs of two or three seats, landed in front of the altar, and knelt down and prayed in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover street.

He prayed for the conversion of ship-owners, and then for the conversion of Father Taylor himself, who, he feared, had not got the true religion, and groaned hideously at the end of every sentence. Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tagered off with amen.

At the close of the meeting, Father Taylor gave Jack a kindly dig in the ribs, and remarked:—"I had you there, Jack!" Jack acknowledged the beat, but never afterwards spoke in the Bethel.—*Boston Atlas.*

☞ Anger among friends is unnatural; therefore, when it happens, is more tormenting.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET APRIL 20.

The receipts of Beef Cattle this week have been quite large, 1500 head having come in. The quality of the Cattle has very much improved for the last month, and few common lots are now offered. Prices ruled from 10 to 12 for inferior and prime quality.

At the Bull's Head, over 900 head were offered, but the unusual severity of the day materially retarded the sales.

Hathaway & McFillen sold several bunches of Lancaster county, at 9½, 11½, 12.

R Reidenbaugh sold some small lots at 11a12.

J Coleman sold some Lancaster Co. at 10a12.

The probability was that a number would be left over.

The sales at the Avenue Drove Yard comprised 400 head. The demand was quite active, and they were sold early in the day. The following are some of the principal sales:—

Isaac Abrams sold 98 head of Lancaster Co, and Ohio at 11a12, and a few at 12c.

H Bachman sold 23 Chester Co., at 10½a11½; Mr. Brown 60 head of Illinois at 11a12c; Thomas Strickland 34 Ohio (Scarche's) at 10a11½.

A Rideabaugh sold 110 Lancaster Co., at 10½a12½, as in quality. Some of these were very prime.

A Grier sold 25 Juniata Co at 11a12.

McLaughlin, 24 head of Fayette Co at 9½a10½.

The balance were sold in small lots, as in quality, from 10a11½.

One bullock, weighing 2500 lbs, was sold by Mr. Scattergood to D Weakerly, at 5c ₱ lb.

COWS AND CALVES still rule dull, the offerings at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, were about 225 head, sales ranging at from $30 to 45 for fresh Cows, $25 to 35 for Springers, and $15 to 20 each for dry Cows.

HOGS—Are scarce and wanted at fully former quotations, and about 1400, all offered at Sinnett's Yard, were disposed of at 9½a9¾ the 100 lbs, the market closing active at these figures.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Continue in active demand at high prices. Sales of 50 0 at the Avenue Drove Yard, and 600 at Vanleer's, at 8½a8¾ ₱ 100, gross, or 12a12c ₱ lb, nett.

HORSES—100 arrived at Singer's, and 150 at the Avenue Yard. A fine drove of Kentucky Mules arrived at Vanleer's Washington Drove Yard. They are selling at $100@125 each.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by

R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,

No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	7 @ 8
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14 @ 20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	14 @ 17	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	6
Rump do	11 @ 13	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels,		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @ 10	Sweetbread, each	18
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31½@ 37½	Young Pigs	@1 25 @1 75
Shin	25 @ 40	Salt and fresh lb	10 @ 12½
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Feet, ₱ set	12½@ 31¼
Liver ₱ lb	6¼	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 6
Dried Beef ₱ lb	20	Lard do	10 @ 12
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½@ 12½
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Shoulders do	10 @ 9½
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 12½
Chop ₱ lb	3 @ —	Puddings ₱ lb	10 @ 12
Calves' Head, each	25 @ 31	Scrapple ₱ lb	6 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chp, ₱ lbs	6 @ 10	Tender Loin ₱ lb	16 @ 18½
Breast and Neck	3½@ 6	Hogshead Cheese lb	11
Young Lamb, whole	$5.00		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Cosy potatoes bu	1 10 @ 1 25
do hf pk	— @ 18	do bkt	37½ @ —
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	5 @ 12
Cabbage bbl	2 00 @ 3 00	Sweet potatoes bkt	62 @ 1 00
do hf bbl	1 00 @ —	do hf pk	10 @ 18
Salad head	6 @ 10	Onions bus	— @ 2 00
Pickles bkt	31½@ 37	Carrots doz	13
do hf pk	18¾@ 20	Asparagus ₱ bunch	50 @ 75
Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 15	Rhubarb ₱ bunch	25
		Green Mint ₱ bunch	20

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	@1 @1 12½	Cranberries qt	18
do hf pk	12½@ 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₱ lb	15 @ 20	Sgh Pig's ea	25 @ 31½
Turkeys each	1 75 @ 2 50	Wild Pig's ea	1 00 @1 12½
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	— @ 1 00	Rabbits pr	15 @ 25
Chickens ₱ pair	1 @ 1 50	Squirrels each	12½ @ —
		Frogs doz	25 @ 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) doz	$7 @ 10 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	10 00@ 18 00	₱ bkt	62 @ 75
Lobsters lb	12½ @ 15	do ₱ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @3 50	M. Riv Cove M	6 00@8 00
		N. Y. do ₱ bbl	10 00@20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	— @ 12	Perch bunch	18 @ 20
Bass	6 @ 9	Catfish	6 @ 12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @ 12½
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8 @ 12	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Smelts	17 @ 20	No 1 Herring bunch	4
White Fish	— @ 12½	Fresh Shad each	25a50
Roes	8 @ 12½	Fresh Salmon lb	$1,50 a 2,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	30 @ 40	Honey lb	20 @ 25
Roll do	10 @ 25	Apple Butter qt	12½ @ 18
Eggs doz	18 @ 18	Pumpkins ea	6 @ 25
Smearcase, extra	2		

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	60½	60¾
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	40¼	—
" "	'42 111½	—	" preferred	44½	50
" "	'47 112½	—	Minehill	62½	63
" "	'48 117½	—	Har & Lan	58	58½
" "	'55 107½	—	Chester Valley	44	46
Phila 6 pr ct	93	96½	Texas	12	—
" " new	101	96	" preferred	28	—
" 5 "	86	—	P W & Balt	30	30
Cam City 6 pr ct	98	98	Long Island	12½	13½
Pitts 6 pr ct	74	76	Wilmport & Elmira	30½	31
" " coupon	74½	75	Catawissa	13	23½
Allegh city 6 pr ct	62½	65	CANAL STOCKS.		
" county	65	67½	Sheyl Nav	14	16
Alle co RR 6's	66½	70	" preferred	25	30½
Penn			Lehigh Nav	34½	35
" 5 "	89	89½	Morris	15½	20
" " coupon	89	89½	" preferred	87	90½
Penn 6 pr ct	90	90½	C & Del	60	70
" 5 " coupon	76½	77	Union	11½	12½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103	Sus & Tidewater	11	9
Penn RR 6 pr ct	96½	97	BANK STOCKS.		
2d m'rt loan '82	86	86½	North Amer	105	108½
C & Am 6 pr ct	74	75	Penn	111½	112
P G & N RR "	81	82	Phila da	120	120½
Reading RR "	71	71½	Far & Mec	86	87
" " m'rt "	84	90	Commercial	93½	95
R & Lan RR "	88	90	N Liberty	80	84½
P & S R'd "	70	75	Mechanics	29½	30
Cha Val RR "	97½	99	Southwark	71	80
Tioga RR "	80	83	Penn Township	24½	25
Penn W & Bal			Kensington	71	72½
" RR 6 pr ct	85½	86½	Girard	11½	11½
Leh V RR "	70	72	Western	60	70
Sch Nav '82 "	67½	68½	Man & Mech	31½	31½
Lehigh Nav "	91	91½	Commerce	79	80
Mort "	82	83	Tradesman's	87	91
C & D C. "	95	97	City	51½	51½
Sus & Tid "	99	99½	Consolidation	30	30½
Sch Nav Cons	46	46½	Pittsburg	60	—
Willims & Elmira			M & M Pitts	42	—
1st mort 7 pr ct	76½	77	Exch'ge Pitts	88	—
2d " 7 "	63½	64	Kentucky	111	114
Catawissa " "	57	58½	Nortnam, Ky	118	120
North Penna 6 pr ct	98	101	Louisville, Ky	118	123
RAILROAD STOCK.			Indiana, "	102	—
Cam & Amboy	126½	127	Union, Nash'e Tenn	102	—
Penn	64½	65½	Paul's, Tenn	102	—
Sus Meadow	56	58	Cin & R Vick	4	6½
North Penna	121	122	N O Gas Co	128	130

Weekly Review of the

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, April 20, 1857.

Breadstuffs are in rather better request, and Flour, Wheat, and Corn are bringing higher figures, but Corn Meal is very dull. The Provision market continues inactive; prices, however, show little or no change. Groceries are attracting more attention, and Sugar and Molasses continue scarce, and on the advance. Coffees are also much firmer. Cotton has been very quiet during the week; prices remain about stationary. Coal in dull. Iron is firm, with a fair inquiry for Pig Metals, at steady rates.

BREADSTUFFS—The export demand for Flour continues limited, but with a falling off in the receipts, and the more favorable tenor of the advices from abroad, prices are fully 25c ₱ bbl better. Sales of 8500 bbls, the latter being now the uniform asking rate, extra at $6,12½a6,25, and extra family at $6,50, the receipts closing firm at $6 ₱ bbl for standard brands. For home use prices have ranged as above for common to choice retailing brands and extra, and $6,25a7,50 for extra family flour and fancy lots. Rye Flour is firmly held, at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of a few small lots of Pennsylvania Meal at $3,12½ ₱ bbl. The week's sales of Wheat foot up about 22,000 bushels, in lots, at 120c@1 45c for fair to prime Pennsylvania red, and 1 50@1 60 for white. Rye is more plenty; sales of Pennsylvania at 78@79c. Corn—Sales of about 50,000 bush Delaware and Pennsylvania yellow at 64@65c, afloat, closing at the latter rate, lots, in store, at 66c old do at 67@68c, and new white at 64@65 afloat. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bush at 44@45c for Southern, and 46@47c for Pennsylvania and Western, in store and afloat.

PROVISIONS—Stocks and receipts are light at about previous prices. Mess Pork is dull at $16@16,25, the latter for heavy Western and City Mess Beef at $13@13,50 per bbl. Sales of Bacon at 12a14c for plain and fancy cured Hams; 11a12c for Sides, and 10a10½ for Shoulders. Sales of Green Meats at 11@11½c for Hams; 11@11½c for Sides, and 9@9½c for Shoulders. Lard in request. Western at 14½ for kegs and tes, and 14@15c for Bags. Butter is in demand at 18@21c for Roll, and 14@15c for Solid Packed. Cheese is scarce and No change to be noted. Eggs have been plenty and dull at 12½@13c per dozen.

GROCERIES—There has been rather more doing in Coffee, principally Rio, in lots, within the range of 10@11½.

Sales of 300 hhds Molasses, Cuba, at a further advance of 1a2c ₱ gallon, Clayed Cuba at 34@35c, Muscovado at 40c, and English Island and Porto Rico at 50c.

Market active for Sugar, and prices fully better with sales of about 1200 hhds at 9¼@10c for Cuba, and 11@12c for Porto Rico.

COTTON—Prices are about stationary; the week's sales reaching some 900 bales at from 13½ to 13½c for Uplands, and 14 to 15c for Gulfs, cash and time.

ASHES—Pots continue scarce at 7¼@7½c, but Pearls are dull at 7½c.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron at $30 for No 1. Tanners' Bark is also wanted.

BEESWAX—There is a good demand at 27½@28c, but it is generally held higher.

COAL—The receipts continue small. There is very little demand.

COPPER—The demand continues limited, but prices are steady for both English Sheathing and Yellow Metal.

CANDLES—There is a fair inquiry for Adamantine, at 22c ₱ lb, 4s mos. The stock of Western manufactured is now much reduced.

FEATHERS—Meet a moderate demand at 50@52c for good Western.

FISH—Mackerel—prices are steadily on the advance, ranging at $12@12½ for 1

THE INDIAN HATER.

We copy the following account of Colonel John Moredock, a celebrated Indian fighter, from Herman Melville's latest work, "The Confidence Man," just published by Dix, Edwards & Co.:

"Though Colonel John Moredock was not an Indian hater *par excellence*, yet he cherished a kind of sentiment towards the red man, and in that degree, and so acted out his sentiment as sufficiently to merit the tribute just rendered to his memory.

"John Moredock was the son of a woman married thrice, and thrice widowed by a tomahawk. The three successive husbands of this woman had been pioneers, and with them she had wandered from wilderness to wilderness, always on the frontier. With nine children, she at last found herself at a clearing, afterwards Vincennes. There she joined a company about to remove to the new country of Illinois. On the eastern side of Illinois, there were then no settlements: but on the west side, the shore of the Mississippi, there were, near the mouth of Kohaskie, some old hamlets of French. To the vicinity of those hamlets, very innocent and pleasant places, a new Arcadia, Mrs Moredock's party was destined; for thereabouts, among the vines, they meant to settle. They embarked upon the Wabash in boats, proposing descending that stream into the Ohio, and the Ohio into the Mississippi, and so, northwards, towards the point to be reached. All went well till they made the rock of the Grand Tower on the Mississippi, where they had to land and drag their boats round a point swept by a strong current. Here a party of Indians, lying in wait, rushed out and murdered nearly all of them. The widow was among the victims, with her children, John excepted, who, some fifty miles distant, was following with a second party.

"He was just entering upon manhood, when thus left in nature sole survivor of his race. Other youngsters might have turned mourners; he turned avenger. His nerves were electric wires—sensitive, but steel. He was one who, from self-possession, could be made neither to flush nor pale. It is said that when the tidings were brought him, he was ashore, sitting beneath a hemlock, eating his dinner of venison—and as the tidings were told him, after the first start he kept on eating, but slowly and deliberately, chewing the wild news with the wild meat, as if both together, turned to chyle, together should sinew him to his intent. From that meal he rose an Indian-hater. He rose; got his arms; prevailed upon some comrades to join him, and without delay started to discover who were the actual transgressors. They proved to belong to a band of twenty renegades from various tribes, outlaws even among Indians, and who had formed themselves into a maranding ... No opportunity for action being at the present, he dismissed his friends—told them to go on, thanking them, and saying he would ask their aid at some future day. For upwards of a year, alone in the wilds, he watched the crew. Once, what he thought a favorable chance having occurred—it being mid-winter, and the savages encamped, apparently to remain so—he anew mustered his friends, and marched against them; but, getting wind of his coming, the enemy fled, and in such panic that everything was left behind but their weapons. During the winter, much the same thing happened upon two subsequent occasions. The next year he sought them at the head of a party pledged to serve him for forty days. At last the hour came. It was on the shore of the Mississippi. From their covert, Moredock and his men dimly descried the gang of Gains in the red dusk of evening, paddling over to a jungled Land in midstream, there the more securely to lodge; for Moredock's retributive spirit in the wilderness spoke ever to their trepidations now, as the voice calling through the garden. Waiting until dead of night, the whites swam the river, towing after them a raft laden with their arms. On landing, Moredock cut the fastenings of the enemy's canoes, and turned them, with his own raft, adrift, resolved that there should be neither escape for the Indians, nor safety, except in victory, for the whites. Victorious the whites were; but three of the Indians saved themselves by taking to the stream. Moredock's band lost not a man.

"Three of the murderers survived. He knew their names and persons. In the course of three years each successively fell by his own hand. All were now dead. But this did not suffice. He made no avowal, but to kill Indians became his passion. As an athlete, he had no equals; as a shot, none; in single combat, to be beaten. Master of that, woodland cunning enabling the adept to subsist where the many would perish, and expert in all those arts by which an enemy is pursued for weeks, perhaps months, without once suspecting it, he crept to the forest. The solitary Indian that met him, died. When a murder was descried, would either secretly pursue their track for the chance to strike at least one blow; or if, he than engaged, he himself was discovered, would elude them by superior skill.

Many years he spent thus; and though at times he was, in a degree, restored to the ordinary life of the region, and period, yet it is averred that John Moredock never let pass an opportunity of quenching an Indian. Sins of omission in that kind may have been his, but no sins of omission.

It were to err to suppose that this gentleman was naturally ferocious, or peculiarly possessed of those qualities which, unhelped by provocation of events, tend to withdraw man from social life.

On the contrary, Moredock was an example of something apparently self contradicting, certainly curious, but, at the same time, undeniable; namely, that nearly all Indian haters have at bottom loving hearts; at any rate, hearts, if not loving, more generous than the average. Certain it is, that, to the degree in which he had lived in the life of the settlements, Moredock had denied himself not without humane feelings. A cold husband or colder father, he; and, though often and long away from his house, he bore its needs in mind, and provided for them. He could be very convivial; told a good story, (though never of his more private exploits,) and sung a capital song. Hospitable, not backward to help a neighbor; by report, violent as retributive, in secret; while, in a social manner, though sometimes grave—as is unusual with men of his complexion, a sullen and tragical brown—yet with nobody, Indians excepted, otherwise than courteous in a high fashion; a moccasined gentleman, admired and loved. In fact, no one more popular an incident to follow may prove.

Bravery, whether in Indian fight or any other, was unquestionable. An officer in the ranging service, during the war of 1812, he acquitted himself with more than credit. Of his soldierly character, this anecdote is told: Not long after Hull's dubious surrender at Detroit, Moredock, with some of his rangers, rode up at night to a log-house, there to rest till morning. The horses being attended to, supper over, and sleeping places assigned the troop, the host showed the Colonel his best bed, not on the ground like the rest, but a bed that stood on logs. But out of delicacy, the guest declined to monopolize it, or indeed, to occupy it at all; when, to increase inducement as the host thought, he was told that a general officer had once slept in that bed. 'Who, pray?' asked the Colonel. 'General Hull.' 'Then you must not take offence,' said the Colonel, buttoning up his coat, 'but, really, no coward's bed for me, however comfortable.' Accordingly, he took up with valor's bed—a cold one on the ground.

"At one time the Colonel was a member of the territorial council of Illinois, and at the formation of the State government was pressed to become candidate for Governor, but begged to be excused. And, though he declined to give his reasons for declining, yet by those who knew him the cause was not wholly unsurmised. In his official capacity he might be called upon to enter into friendly treaties with Indian tribes, a thing not to be thought of. And even did no such contingency arise, yet he felt there would be an impropriety in the Governor of Illinois stealing out now and then, during a recess of the legislative bodies, for a few days' shooting at human beings, within the limits of his paternal chief magistracy. If the governorship offered large honors, from Moredock it demanded larger sacrifices. These were incompatibles. In short, he was not unaware that to be a consistent Indian-hater involves the renunciation of ambition, with its objects—the pomps and glories of the world."

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.—Gen. Wayne was a great favorite with all who had served under him, and when it was known that he was to command the expedition against the Indians of the north-west, hundreds of his revolutionary comrades flocked to his standard and enlisted under his orders. There are those still living among us who remember Gen. Wayne when he took possession of this post. He was very partial to those who served under him in the Revolution, and they could always approach him with more familiarity than others could. Among these old pets was a somewhat antiquated dragoon, extremely averse to labor. He refused to do any service in time of peace, and had no other ambition in days of quietness than to keep his horse's feet ready for the fight, and his sword bright and sharp. The general was subject to attacks of the gout, and at such times was cross and petulant, and it then required no slight degree of courage to approach him. But the old dragoon was never daunted by the general's temper. On one occasion when the general was particularly ill-natured from a severe attack, the old dragoon had some favor to ask; approaching his room, he peeped in at the door, exclaiming—"Mad Anthony." The general looked up and angrily ordered him to "be off, sir!" Off went the dragoon. In a few minutes he returned, looked into the room, and shouted, "Mad Anthony, I say, sir!" The general looked up at him and said, "Be off, you rascal, and don't trouble me!" Away went the dragoon. In a short time he returned again to the charge, this time saying—"Mad Anthony, I say sir, it is an hard getting a glass of grog out of you as it was to get into Stony Point with you!" This appeal told. "Waiter," said the general, "give that —— rascal a glass of brandy, and send him off." The old dragoon tossed off the liquor, and retired until he should again be in want of a drink of the general's brandy.

The above was communicated to the writer by an old resident, and one familiar with the scenes of Indian and frontier war.—*Cor. Leslie's Newspaper.*

SINGULAR TEST OF LOVE.—The native bean of Tunis and Algiers has a singular, decisive, and indelible method of showing the depth and sincerity of his affection for his sweetheart. Watching her movements, the enamored youth finds some favorable opportunities of throwing himself in her way, and walking before his lady-love; with many a tender sigh, and love-sick glance, he applies a red-hot piastre to his leg, or inflicts some similar piece of torture upon himself; implying, that whilst happy in the presence of her he loves, mere pain of body is unfelt. So prevalent is this custom, that it is not an uncommon thing to see natives with one or more of these love scars on the calf of each leg.

☞ In the moral world there is nothing impossible, if we can bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others. —*W. Von Humboldt.*

☞ Solitude has the advantage or the danger of making us continually search more deeply into the same ideas. As our discourse is only with ourselves, we always give the same direction to the conversation; we are not called to turn it to the subject which occupies another's mind, or interests another's feelings; and so an involuntary inclination makes us return forever to knock at the same door.

☞ Emerson says that an Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hot pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

> THE devil is not near so black
> As spiteful painters love to paint;
> His features have a mingled smack
> Of genius, gentleman and saint.

☞ Those only are fit for solitude who are like nobody, who like nobody, and who are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

☞ A KNOT EASILY UNTIED.—A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *bean* knot."

☞ It was a fine and true remark that they who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

☞ A reverend sportsman in Wiltshire, seeing a Quaker on the road as he was returning home at night, laid a wager that he would get a direct answer from him. "Well, friend," said he as they met, "did you see the fox?" "If I had seen it, was the reply, "I would have told it to go where thou wouldst never find it." "Why, where's that?" "Into thy study."

THE FRENCH DANDY AND HIS TAILOR.—An aristocratic young dandy, one of the most exclusive of the present fashionable lions in Paris, who, as he declares, was present at Marrat's reception merely from curiosity, was invited by the mistress of the house to take his place at an *ecarte* table, where was already seated a gentleman waiting for a partner. The lion obeyed with scornful complisence, and took the chair opposite to the stranger, who was already beginning to shuffle and sort the cards with an agreeable anticipation of amusement, after long expectation. No sooner, however, was the dandy seated, than he started with amazement on beholding in his partner the visage which will sometimes strike terror into the bosom of the bravest of mankind—the tailor to whom a long bill is owing. The latter, however, as willing as the former to avoid recognition, merely bowed in answer to the state of surprise of which he was the object, and said, quietly, as he drew his purse from his pocket, "What are your stakes?"

"The coat on my back," replied the impudent dandy, without moving a muscle. The tailor was a man of honor, and rather enjoyed the joke than otherwise. He played for the coat, and lost, and the dandy walked away rather embarrassed at the novel position in which he stood as a wearer of a cost which was really paid for.

☞ I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns, which, in spite of everything, still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

☞ An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world; for I have nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

☞ Logic.—A sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

☞ A corporal met one of his men who was drunk. "Ah," said he, "drunk again." "My corporal," he replied, "better be drunk than stupid, for stupidity is everlasting, and drunkenness is but momentary."

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. LOWE, the successful candidate for Kidderminster at the recent election in England, was nearly murdered by the populace (non-voters), who attacked him and his friends with stones. Mr. Lowe is an advanced Liberal, and the rioters were advocating the claims of Mr. Baycott, a Tory, who had been liberal to them with drink and promises.

NO MORE EMANCIPATION IN LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans Picayune, of March 29th, has the following, which is cited as the strongest act ever passed by the Louisiana Legislature:

An Act to Prohibit the Emancipation of Slaves.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, in General Assembly convened, That from and after the passage of this act, no slave shall be emancipated in this State. Approved March 6th, 1857.

MR. TEN BROECK IN FLORENCE.—The Boston Evening Gazette records that this celebrated American turfman conducted, recently, in a light carriage, eight horses, two abreast, at a rapid rate, up and down the narrow, slippery streets of Florence, in a manner that so affrighted the Police, though nothing of the kind could have been more prettily done, that they waited upon him with a prohibition to limit himself for the future to four horses, as royalty itself never aspired to more than six, even with the aid of postilions.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.—The impression that the world is to be at an end on the 13th of June, is so prevalent in Gallacia, that the peasants are becoming somewhat difficult to manage. The poor ignorant creatures have been confirmed in the idea that they have but a few more weeks to live by the abolition of the "passport torture" in Austria, and the reduction of the passport tax in Russia. According to a Polish correspondent of the Ost Deutsche Post, the lower classes express themselves as follows: "No one now troubles himself about the world and its inhabitants. A man can go where he pleases, as it is now all the same whether he is here or in America."

DEATH FROM EATING POISONED EGGS.—A boy, named Emeraud Heusler, ate four eggs on Easter day, which had been boiled in a pint of water into which had been put a spoonful of Prussian blue, for the purpose of coloring them. Two of the eggs had the shells cracked, admitting the poison, and the eggs caused his death.

WOOL-GROWING IN THE SOUTH.—A gentleman who has been engaged in the wool-growing business in Tennessee, and who has recently traversed Northern Alabama, informs the Mobile Tribune that the raising of sheep in that State would be more profitable than the culture of cotton. Thousands of acres, fit for nothing else but sheep pastures, could be had for 12½ cents per acre.

A SAW HORSE SURPRISE PARTY.—Yesterday morning, one McCarty, a smart Irishman, who was recently so unfortunate as to lose his eyesight, having taken a pile of wood near the City Hall, containing about fifteen cords, to saw for the city, was surprised to see about a dozen of his countrymen come upon the ground with saws and saw-horses, who did up the job in a few hours. This spontaneous benevolence, so creditable to the Irish character, was one of the best surprise-parties of the season.—*Bangor Journal.*

DUMAS'S LAST FEAT.—A Paris letter in the *Independance*, of Brussels, states that a play written by Alexander Dumas in twenty-four hours, is about to be performed at the residence of M. de Girardin, and that M. Dumas, who boasts of being the best cook in France, is to superintend the preparation of the dinner which is to precede the performance.

ANTI-SCRIPTURAL.—Prof. Henry denies that man is made of dust. He says modern science has established, by a wide and careful induction, the fact that plants and animals principally consist of solidified air; the only portions of an earthly character which enter into their composition being the ashes which remain after combustion. All the other parts were originally in the atmosphere.

LABELLED.—A poor fellow in New York lately died from epilepsy, brought on by intemperance.—On his arm was tattooed, in red and black, the inscription, "I love rum."

FANNY KEMBLE AGAINST THE STAGE.—The Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of the Church of All Souls, in New York City, having accepted an invitation to speak at the approaching Democratic Fund Dinner, in defence of the stage, we understand Mrs. Kemble has written him a letter, protesting against such a course, and pronouncing the moral influence of the stage evil, and only evil. Mrs. Kemble speaks *honi soit qui mal pense*, but what a declaration from the family who owe so much to the histrionic profession! Mr. Barry, the Manager, attacks Mrs. Kemble, and says that both the plays she herself wrote were objectionable on the score of morals. We shall doubtless hear from Mrs. K. in reply.

THE NOACHIAN DELUGE.—At a recent meeting in Edinburgh there was read a lecture on the Noachian Deluge, written by the late Hugh Miller. It was a scientific paper of great interest, and went to prove that, although it was said in the sacred Scriptures that the deluge covered over the whole heavens, the writer was of the opinion that it was only over the populated globe. He attempted to confute the doctrines of Doctor Kitto and others, who were of opinion that it covered the whole earth. He also showed that his opinions were supported by an eminent bishop in the days of Charles II. This lecture was listened to by a large audience with the most profound attention.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 224—Adults 102, and children 122.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—It is generally known that watches of American manufacture are now coming into extensive use. They are characterized by several features of special peculiarity. The first of these is the absence of the fusee and chain. These parts, which were very necessary for equalizing the force of the old verge watch, are continued by the English in the modern lever watch, but in the Swiss watches, which perform so excellently, no such parts exist. The second feature is such an arrangement of the parts as to lessen the liability of the watch to stop from the pressure of foreign substances, and at the same time to facilitate the discovery of any cause of derangement, also the entire train being fully open to view. The third and distinguishing feature is the principle of making every watch and every part the duplicate of every other. This plan has been so far adhered to that every movement will fit every case, and many parts can be transferred from watch to watch without alteration.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.—The Baton Rouge Gazette and Comet gives the following account of a singular phenomenon that occurred near that city:

We are informed by a gentleman, who came down the Jackson road yesterday evening, that on the other side of the bridge, crossing the Montesano, a fissure has opened in the earth, to the extent of several hundred yards in length, and about twenty feet in depth. Smoke, impregnated with a sulphurous smell, issues from the fissure in such clouds that it was impossible for our informant to fathom the depth, it being late in the evening when he passed. From the shock incident to the convulsion, the bridge has caved in, and the only way to cross is to descend about a quarter of a mile below and ford the stream.

MUSICAL JEALOUSY IN A BIRD.—A mocking bird, in a happy state of freedom, was trilling its notes in the orchard below the walls of our friend's house, when its music excited similar efforts from a cage bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. Three feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry, when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musical captive, the owner of which hearing the unusual noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage. This is a fact.—*South Side (Va.) Democrat.*

A STEAM stage wagon has been constructed, to run on common roads, by a company formed of citizens of Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, which was recently tested, and is said to have given complete satisfaction.

FINE ARTS.—A knowledge of the fine arts may be said to open a sixth sense upon every one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food and falls asleep: the man of mere wealth does little more; but to those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense will appear but subordinate to the pleasure experienced in viewing the beautiful clothing manufactured and sold at the fashionable emporium of Granville Stokes, No. 269 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

THE TAX RATE $2.—The citizens of Philadelphia may now take things quietly and comfortably for another year, as City Councils have, after much tribulation, fixed the rate at which real estate is to be taxed at $2 on the $100. As an important element in that quiet and comfort, they will see the propriety of continuing, as in times past, the purchase of their garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (N. S.) Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

COUNTERFEIT WISTAR'S BALSAM.

We would caution the purchasers of the *Balsam of Wild Cherry* against an imitation article which has made its appearance in many places, and which might deceive the unwary by its remembrance to the genuine bottle. Of the mixture we need not speak. Unprincipled scoundrels can always be found ready to counterfeit anything, by which they can put money in their pockets, and they are sure to choose the most popular and well known article on which to practice their villainies. It is a lamentable fact that *there are also dealers in medicines* who are willing to lend themselves to carry out this imposition, by selling such trash as genuine, because they can buy it for less than half the cost of the real article. Avoid such a man as you would a dealer in counterfeit money, for he is the greater scamp of the two.

They have never dared to forge the written signature of I. Butts, having a wholesome fear of the State Prison before their eyes. *Be sure that you find on the outside wrapper the written signature of I. BUTTS*, and you may rely upon its being genuine. Buy none other.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 131 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere. ap25-3t

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION. The great scourge of our northern climate is disarmed of half its terrors since we have a remedy so singularly efficacious as Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is performing many wonderful cures.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. tf

FINE, beautiful Hair—jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 83 Liberty St., New York. ap4-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Scott, Mr. JAMES IRVIN, to Miss SARAH JANE DAY, all of Helmesburg, 23rd Ward, Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN F. PATTISON, to Miss MARY E. WISE, all of Holmesburg, 23rd Ward, Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. TERRENCE CLYDE, to Miss MARY MCMASTER.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. WILLIAM A. GREEN, to SARAH A. PHILLIPS, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM C. DAVIS, to Miss EMMA C. GLAZE, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. D. R. Cheney, Mr. JOHN MCKENZIE, of Del. county, to Mrs. LETITIA BALL, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JOHN R. CURTIS, to Miss ELIZABETH LAIRD, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. GEORGE W. KENNELL, to Miss SARAH SIPES, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. JAMES PALMER, to Miss SALLIE A. GRUBB, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. FRANCIS DEPRATER, to Miss ELIZABETH T. BARNABY.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. Washington Jerman, Mr. GEORGE SIMON, to Miss MARY J. LABNAMA, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. CHARLES ROESSNER, to Miss MARY E. BAKER.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. JOHN J. MORRIS, to Miss CATHARINE RIDET, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Christman, ROBERT GUNNIS, to MARY LANYE, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. DAVID H. ARGUE, to Miss JENNIE A. daughter of H. R. Wells, both of Camden, Del.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. EDGAR MORRIS, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH ANN D. LAMB, of Bucks county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JOSEPH RATCLIFFE, aged 62.
On the 14th instant, GEORGE MIFFLIN, son of Lewis and Emily R. Umbrauck, aged 9 years.
On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH K. wife of Thomas M. Rowe, aged 19 years.
On the 13th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of John Shannon, aged 56 years.
On the 13th instant, Mr. CHARLES BROWN, aged 50.
On the 14th instant, JAMES OLDHAM, aged 61 years.
On the 14th instant, THOMAS W. DUFFY, aged 27 years.
On the 13th instant, MARY, wife of John Lane, aged 45.
On the 14th instant, GEORGE DANIELS, aged 67 years.
On the 14th instant, ROBERT WILKINSON, aged 31 years.
On the 12th instant, EDWARD G. son of Robt. and Mary A. M. Farran, aged 25 years.
On the 11th instant, JAMES HOWARD, son of John and A. P. Kater, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 13th instant, CHARLOTTE, wife of John Hill, aged 53 years.
On the 13th instant, ANN, relict of the late Jno. Houston, aged 78 years.
On the 12th instant, HARRY, son of Lemuel and Harriet V. Braddock, aged 3 years and 3 months.
On the 13th instant, ZEPHON THAYER, aged 69 years.
On the 13th instant, CHARLES G. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
On the 13th instant, SARAH, wife of James Morrow, aged 33 years.
On the 13th instant, ELLEN, daughter of Thos. and Margaret O'Boyle, aged 2 years.
On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH HERRICH, aged 4 years and 6 months.
On the 12th instant, PRISCILLA, wife of Charles Stratton, aged 35 years.
On the 8th instant, EVE, wife of Charles F. Reugler, of Lancaster, Pa. aged 36 years.
On the 13th instant, the Rev. CHARLES SAWYER, aged 45 years.
On the 12th instant, ROBERT, son of Wm. and Frances Ash, aged 2 years and 4 months.
On the 11th instant, ELIZABETH KERNS, aged 80 years.
On the 12th instant, HERNARD MCKENNA, aged 81 years.

WM. D. ROGERS,
COACH AND LIGHT CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Corner of Sixth and Master Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Carriages of every description built to order, and for minute workmanship durability, style and elegance of finish. sep18 1y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOLLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co. 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

MAY NUMBER NOW READY.
THE GEM OF THE MONTHLIES.
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
Established and Successfully Published for Thirty Years.
GREAT IMPROVEMENTS AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.
Splendid Steel Engravings,
Beautiful Colored Steel Fashion Plates,
Fine Wood Engravings, Humorous Cuts.
Handsome Patterns for Embroideries, Crochet, and Needle-Work.
GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
The May Number will contain the three first chapters of an
ORIGINAL NOVELETTE,
ENTITLED
WOODBROOK ABBEY,
BY MRS. HUGHS.
Together with the usual variety of the very best Original Stories—Historical Tales—Sketches of Adventure and Travel—Translations—Interesting Extracts from New Books—Poetry—Fairy Tales—Useful Sketches—Tales of the Wonderful—Fashion and Dress—Items for the Ladies—Editor's Easy Talk—Short Biographies—Ornamental Garden Hints—Letters from Abroad—Recipes for the Toilet, Kitchen and Nursery, and in fact a little of everything calculated to interest, amuse and instruct both ladies and gentlemen.
CHARLES G. LELAND, Editor.
TERMS.—One copy, $2 a year; Two copies, $3; Six copies, $10; Single copies, 25 cents.
☞ BUY A COPY AND READ IT. it

GRACE GREENWOOD'S
LITTLE PILGRIM.
CONTAINING Beautiful Pictures, Charming Stories, Poems, Puzzles, &c., expressly for Children, and only 50 cts. a year.
Specimens sent free. Address, post paid,
ap25-2t LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT, 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

HOLLOWAY'S WORM CONFECTIONS
Great Discovery in Medical Chemistry.
Medicine rendered pleasant to the taste of Children.
HOLLOWAY'S WORM CONFECTIONS are purely vegetable in their composition, and prepared according to the latest improvements in Pharmaceutical Chemistry, by which we are able to separate the active principles of medicines from their nauseous and bulky accompaniments, and present them in a more concentrated and reliable form than in the crude state. In these confections we have the active principles of the most effectual vermifuges, free from their unpleasant taste and odors, and more safe and certain in their effects. They are warranted safe, pleasant and effectual, united qualities that can be applied to no other preparation now before the public.
Cheltenham, Madison County, New York, February 24, 1857.
I think them the most elegant and effectual article for worms decidedly, now before the public.
T. TELLER, Physician and Druggist.
For sale at Wholesale by Charles T. Carney, Boston; Barnes & Park, New York; Rodgers & Carley, Baltimore; George H. Keyser, Pittsburg, and T. H. Logan & Co., Wheeling, Virginia.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
it Manufacturers, No. 16 South 5th St., Phila.

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, at a salary of $100 per month. Full particulars given free to all who enclose a Postage Stamp or a three cent piece, and address
ap25-3t B. B. GRANT & CO., Atkinson Depot, N. H.

1,000 AGENTS can make over 100 per cent., sure profits. Send stamp to
ap25 3t M. J. COOK, Detroit, Mich.

MACHINE NEEDLES, of all kinds, manufactured out of the very best Cast Steel, at $5 and $6 a hundred, by THOMAS SCHOFIELD,
ap25-4t Lynn, Massachusetts.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!
EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Please to Read this! Agents Wanted! Extra inducements for 1857.
All persons in want of employment will do well to send for CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, pre-paid by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.
On receipt of the established price, SIX Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.
Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most salable. Please open a correspondence with us and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to you and address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $5 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address
feb21-13t A. H. MARTYN, Pinstow, N. H.

THE BEST BOOK FOR AGENTS
Is "FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST," splendidly illustrated with Steel Engravings, and Superbly Bound in Turkey Morocco, Extra Gilt Sides and Gilt Edges. Every family in the land should be provided with a copy of this work, and as we afford the Agent a handsome commission, any one can make a remunerative business by selling it. We also have this work in less expensive bindings. For a full description, together with our terms to Agents, send for our Circular.
WENTWORTH & CO., Publishers,
86 *WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.*
mar28-3t

$1000 A YEAR
PROFITABLE AND HONORABLE
EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL TIMES.
PERSONS IN TOWN OR COUNTRY in search of employment as a source of income, or to fill up their leisure hours, may hear of such by enclosing two stamps, to pay postage, to Professor JAMES T. HORNE, Box 4,561, New York Post Office. The employment is fitting to either sex; station in life immaterial. It is an article of daily consumption, and can be manufactured in any person's dwelling. Secured by copyright. Sales as permanent as flour. An Agent is wanted in every town in the United States. ap11 6t

OLD GOLD PENS RE-POINTED—Price 50 cts. Enclose the Pen in a letter, with Cash or Postage Stamps. The return mail will bring the Pen, as good as new.
feb14-13t Address D. ELLIOTT, Syracuse, N. Y.

FOR ONLY $5.—PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT in a good business, and a profit of $100 per month guaranteed. For particulars, enclose stamp to
ap11-6t AGENCY, HARMONY, R. I.

SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL—For the cure of DEAFness, discharge of matter from the ears, &c., &c. Also DR. JACKSON'S PILE and TETTER EMBROCATION. For sale by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut St., Philada. 1m1y28-cowtf

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. Business new, easy, useful honorable. For particulars, address E. S. RICH, Bradner Falls, N. Y. ap18-3t

R. BOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated Gossamer Ventilating Wig and Elastic Band Toupees. Instructions to enable ladies and gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
2. From forehead over the head to neck.	2. Over forehead as far as required.
3. From ear to ear over the top.	3. Over the crown of the head.
4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Fronts, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oct11-ow1y

PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BROTHERS,
156 Chestnut Street,
BELOW 7th, NEXT TO JONES' HOTEL,
Offer to Country Merchants, and the Trade, the largest assortment of
WALL AND WINDOW PAPERS,
In the United States, which they will sell at the lowest rates. mar26-tf

WALL PAPER WAREHOUSE.
BURTON & LANING,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,
124 ARCH STREET, second door above Sixth, Philada.
Where may be found the largest and handsomest assortment in the city.
☞ Purchasers from the country will find it to their advantage to call at our store, where they will be suited with superior articles, at the lowest prices.
oct1-tf BURTON & LANING.

THE WM. J. MARSDEN WATCH.
The subscribers' sole agents in the United States for this celebrated make of Watch, would recommend it to persons wishing a time-piece on which there can *implicitly rely* to keep *correct time*.
It is finished with ten leaf pinions, genuine ruby jewels and chronometer balance, carefully adjusted, to counteract the variations caused by *heat* and *cold*, and is unequalled for time-keeping qualities by any fine English movement ever imported into this country. PARR & THOMPSON,
Importers of Watches, &c.,
120 Chestnut St., below Fourth, Philadelphia.
For sale also by WILSON McGREW & SON, Watchmakers, Cincinnati, Ohio.
N. B.—The above Watches can be sent safely by mail or express to any part of the Union. jan17-eowly

THE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR.
BELCHER'S HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS
IN THE UNITED STATES.
1,024 Pages,—200 Engravings.
FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.
704 Pages, with 24 Illustrations in Colors.
THE FAMILY BIBLE,
In the old fashioned family style, with the Apoc. and Com. Psalms in verse and sing.
These books are issued *expressly* for the business, and are meeting with *unprecedented success*. For general subscription sales, together with the liberality of our Terms, we can safely *challenge the world to produce their equals*.
Full particulars on application to
JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
jan31-1y 13 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

S. W. JACOBS,
225 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
has on hand a large assortment of COACHES and CARRIAGES, of the latest London and Parisian design, also a variety of LIGH

Wit and Humor.

GETTING USED TO IT BY DEGREES.

"Somewhere about here," writes a Southern correspondent, "lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing." His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after awhile, but I don't like to break right off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and its only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I *know* you are!"

"Well, now, I *am*," responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees?—I'm afraid if I bring you right up a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was.

"For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll *leave* you there—I will!"—*Knickerbocker.*

TRIALS OF SPEECH MAKING.—Squire J——— recently aspired to represent his town in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seized all favorable opportunities to address the million. A few nights since, there was a caucus at the school-house, when J——— delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows:—

"I say, fellow citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot put his hand on his heart, and say there is nothing rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—"

"With cracker crumbs in it!" shouted the shrill voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous, and it is doubtful if the Squire gets the nomination. It is supposed that the cracker crumb man is the father of a small family, and has experienced the delights of such a bed.

THE COUNTESS AND THE BEGGAR.—The late Countess of Kenmure, who was a devout Catholic, passing, one day, from her devotions at chapel through a lane of beggars, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow, apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him—

"Pray, my good man, what is the matter with you?"

The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered—

"Oh! my lady, I'm *deaf and dumb!*"

"Poor man!" said the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?"

"Ever since I had the *fever*, last Christmas!"

The old lady presented him with a half crown, and went away, piously commiserating his misfortunes.—*English Paper.*

BUTTED AND KICKED BOTH.—In Zanesville, at the "Eagle," a goat was kept about the stables. One day the host and "usual crowd" in the bar-room were startled by the Dutch hostler rushing in, almost breathless, and exclaiming, at the top of his voice, "Meester Borter! Meester Borter! Billy he leaves or I leaves. I go up in de stable, and dere vas Billy. I say Billy, go down! He says, bah-bah-wa! and shust gets upon his hind feet. I say again, Billy, you go down, and strikes at him mit de bitch fork, when he stinknum sheep pitch into me, and butts me down stairs 'mong de mule jocks, who all kick me more hard dan de goat. So, Meester Borter, Billy he leaves or I leaves!"

GRAVE CONSOLATION.—A passenger on board a ship bound for California, who had been seasick all the way out to the line, one day went to the doctor in a sad, supplicating tone, and accosted him with—

"Doctor, can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on in this way?"

"Tell you, to be sure I can. You're just the man to begin a graveyard with."

WHY THE MILESTONES DIDN'T FACE THE ROAD.—A stranger, riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman and inquired the reason. "God bless you, sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we weren't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blown off them clear and clean."

THE VALUE OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.—Alexander Dumas at one time was very poor, and rarely had any money. One of his friends was telling him of a duel he had recently fought, in which the ball of his adversary had been turned aside by a five franc piece he had in his waistcoat pocket.

"Ah; you're a lucky fellow," said the great Alexander; "if I had been in your place, I should have been killed."

☞ "Tough, madam—tough, did you say?" said the irascible boarder to the landlady, as he was trying to carve what was ostensibly a chicken—"Yes'm; and were I to give my opinion of the fowl, I should say it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin when they were first planted."

NEW ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

The following reaches us from a distinguished and always welcome correspondent:

The Hon. Arthur Livermore of New Hampshire, and John Randolph of Roanoke, were both marked men, in their way, and both members of the House of Representatives in Congress together. Mr. Randolph's metropolitan district and ancestral renown gave him of course, very much the more prominent position. And he was a man of overbearing pride and great *hauteur* of demeanor, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of good grace, brook opposition; and whose ire was roused to the last degree by defeat.

"Mr. Livermore had not been subjected to the same degree of accidental and artificial stimulus of pride and arrogance; but his spirit was scarcely more submissive than that of his lordly compeer. Above all things, he disdained to be trampled upon by an arrogant despotism, roused to the most impudent excess by the habit of domination in the relations of life.

"Livermore had one day made a most subversive onset upon one of Johnny's favorite pieces of invective irony and playful slang, which he always delighted to deal out for the amusement of the House, and which consumed more time and afforded less light than ought to have been expected from a gentleman of such distinguished learning and ability as are, and always were, by common consent, accorded to the hero of Roanoke. Johnny turned upon his evil genius, for such he had come to regard him, with more than his ordinary measure of gall and bitterness; among other things, calling him repeatedly the member from Vermont, a State, at that time, of somewhat dubious estimate in the companionship of the original thirteen. Livermore, not a whit abashed, rose on the instant, and did battle so effectually as utterly to demolish all Johnny's glittering soap-bubbles, all the time referring to the worthy member from Rhode Island. He said he objected to that gentleman, even, privileged as he undoubtedly was, riding rough shod over the heads of his associates of the House with the same imperturbable coolness with which he swung along the streets in his *coach and six!*

"Johnny rose and indignantly disclaimed assuming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by the honorable member from *New Hampshire:* and at the top of his shrieking voice, declared he never drove more than *two*, on any occasion. Says Livermore: 'I repeat, a coach and six!—two horses, two niggers, and two dogs!'

"This sudden *expose* of the usual retinue of the worthy member from Roanoke, brought down the House in such hearty roars of laughter, that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations on that occasion: and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of Mr. L., whom he ever after denominated *my excellent friend* from New Hampshire."—*Knickerbocker.*

GETTING THIN.—"Hallo, my friend, I see you are losing flesh."

(Old gentleman, indignant at the familiarity of his supposed friend, sputtering most fearfully;)

"W—what? losing flesh! you impudent scoundrel! I'll let you know, sir, I'm not, sir. I, sir, last night, sir, was weighed, sir, and had gained ten pounds, sir. Very pretty state of affairs, if a person has to be insulted in this manner!"

"Well, my friend, all that I can say is, if you look behind, you will find it to be true."

Old gent. discovers a small dog making a violent assault on his market basket.

CURIOUS ADVERTISING STRATAGEM.—We have heard the following story narrated, but do not pretend to vouch for its accuracy. Some few years ago a hatter in London speculated in the purchase of the entire stock of a bankrupt brother tradesman; but, soon after his purchase, he found that he had overstocked himself. He was on the point of reluctantly dismissing some of his "hands," when a sharp-witted friend came to the rescue. By his advice a handbill, announcing the cheapness of the hatter's wares, was prepared and distributed, exactly as had been already done for some time, except in one particular item. The bill was headed "Who's your Atter?" and throughout its contents the goods were invariably mentioned as "ats:"—"Youth's Silk Ats—Best Beaver Ats—Ladies' Riding Ats"—and so forth. The remainder of the advertisement was in unexceptionable English. The result perfectly justified the inventor's anticipations. These bills were sought after as typographical curiosities. Men shouted with laughter at the ludicrous effect of what many considered ignorance on the part of the printer, or of the writer. They carried these bills in their pockets, and merrily showed them to their friends. One or two elderly gentlemen, previously perfect strangers, came to the shop, bought "ats," and expostulated gravely with the "atter" upon the solecism. Young fellows purchased gossamers for the fun of the thing, begged for handbills, and held jocular conversations with the shop-keeper. The shop became known, and the proprietor, now a flourishing tradesman, frequently smiles as he hears the street-boys calling out the now established phrase of "Who's your Atter?" the origin of which, but for the publication of this curious little episode in advertising, might possibly in a few short years, have been lost forever to the antiquarian. To this day the pronunciation of the now popular inquiry is that of the original handbill.

A PHYSICIAN'S IMPULSE.—"You are a greater puzzle than ever to me, Tournall," said Frank. "You are always pretending to care for nothing but your own interest, and yet here you have gone out of your way to incur odium, knowing, you say, that your cause was all but hopeless." "Well, I do it because I like it. It's a sort of sporting with your true doctor. He blazes away at a disease when he sees one, as he would at a bear or a lion—the very sight of it excites his organ of destructiveness. Don't you understand me? You hate sin, you know.—Well, I hate disease. Moral evil is your devil, and physical evil is mine. I hate it, little or big; I hate to see a fellow sick; I hate to see a child rickety and pale. I hate to see a speck of dirt in the street; I hate to see a woman's gown torn; I hate to see her stockings down at heel; I hate to see anything wasted, manure wasted, land wasted, muscle wasted, pluck wasted, brains wasted; I hate neglect, incapacity, idleness, ignorance, and all the disease and misery which spring out of them. There's my devil; and I can't help, for the life of me, going at his throat wherever I meet him."—*Kingsley's Two Years Ago.*

OFFENDED DIGNITY.

SMALL BOY (*to ex-cook, who has come about a place*).—"Is there a footman kep? Why o' course there is—I'm the footman!"

Agricultural.

CULTURE OF THE MELON.

There is no fruit that enters so largely into the daily consumption of our people, says the Southern Cotton Planter, as the melon, and none that seems to be so little understood, or appreciated in its culture. A fine flavored water or musk melon should not be planted within one hundred yards of any other melon, or any of the melon family. Gourds, squashes or cucumbers should never be planted in the same garden, or field, with melons, for the volatile nature of the pollen of each will mix, making hybrids of the next generation, giving the melon a gourdy, squashy flavor, and softening the shell of the gourd. The melon delights in a sandy soil, and to have them in their greatest perfection, the ground should be deeply spaded or sub-soil ploughed. The hills should be about ten feet apart. The watermelon vine is very subject to injury from water; heavy and long continued rains give the vine the appearance of having been scalded, hence the necessity of planting on *hills* instead of on a level. Holes should be excavated and filled in with well rotted manure, with a mound made over the manure at least twelve inches higher in the centre than on the outside; on the centre of this mound, plant the seed, plant some six or eight, and when they have four leaves, thin out to three plants in a hill. As the vines begin to run, branch and bloom, pinch out the terminal bud, which will throw the whole vigor of the vine into the young fruit just set; as the fruit increases in size, take off all but one to a branch, and allow but one melon to ripen on one branch vine.

An overloaded melon vine will produce but inferior fruit. The cultivator should bear in mind that the roots of melons run just as fast and as far as the vine extends, and that the practice of laying back the vines over the hills, and ploughing deeply between the hills is very injurious to the crop. The melon ground cannot be broken too deep before the vines begin to run, but it is a positive injury to the vine for the plough to go three inches below the surface, over which the vine has already run. Great care should be taken in handling the vines when working among them with the hoe. For every tendril broken or bruised on the vine, the fruit is retarded in its maturity. Keep the ground clean around the vines, and as fast as the vine elongates a branch, peg it down, so that the winds may not blow them about and break them. If the striped bug is troublesome, mix one portion of guano to two of gypsum, and dust over the vine when the dew is on—the bugs will quickly depart.

The first melons that set on the vine will mature in four weeks from the time of the setting. The second settings in about three weeks. As the season advances, they will mature in less time than three weeks. Fine crops of melons are made by using brush for the vines to run on, and cling to. The seed of the first melon that ripens should be saved for next season's planting, provided it grew where no other member of the melon family could impregnate it.

NEW PLAN OF RETARDING FRUIT TREE BLOSSOMS.—Perceiving that wall fruit invariably receives a blight in this country from the unnatural heat contracted by the wall during the day, then comes the natural coldness by night and a blight, it may be of frost or what not, I thought that if we could keep equal pace day and night to avoid the too rapid germination and exposure of the blossom, we might accomplish a great desideratum. Could not ice be placed at the stem and covered over during three weeks of early warmth and by this means keep the warmth of the day correspondent with that of the night, which would become more equal to the day warmth by retarding the too rapid rise of the sap during the day? Should the experiment be of any use, I hope one day to eat a peach with you which may have been saved with hundreds of others by this simple process.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

WORKING OXEN.—Conversing with a gentleman the other day about oxen, he made a remark which may be of essential service to many who are not as well acquainted with the peculiarities of those valuable animals as they would desire to be. "Oxen," said he, "are frequently ruined for the summer's work or spoiled entirely by over-driving during the first warm days of spring. Until there is a full bite of grass oxen are not capable of great exertion in hot weather. But after they are turned out into good pasture, if they have not been previously injured, they will perform in a very satisfactory manner. The great danger is when we first begin our spring's work. Then they should be handled with very great caution, even though they do a very small day's labor. Managing in this way, my oxen, in the heat of summer, will plough as much as horses."

CRANBERRIES AND THEIR CULTURE.

I noticed an inquiry from one of your subscribers in relation to cranberries and their culture. Let me tell him how they do on prairies where the growth is spontaneous. A Mr. Essig, living about twelve miles east of this (Rochester, Ind.,) about twelve years since bought a forty acre lot of marsh and barrens. On the marsh at that time, or about that time, one of the neighbors told me that Mr. E. found a patch of cranberry vines about as large as a breakfast-table. From this beginning, by setting out sods of the vines cut out with a spade, at intervals of from four to eight feet, he has now about eight acres well set in vines, and at different seasons he has made by the sale of the berries, clear of all expense of picking, barreling, &c., from $1,200 to $1,900. He cleared $1,900 two years ago, but how much last year I do not know. A small stream runs through his marsh by which he can overflow the land at pleasure.

Sods of the vines put out in suitable prairie at intervals of four feet, will cover the ground well in three years, and will yield from $100 to $500 worth of berries per year.

Land that is partially covered with water during the winter and spring, is best adapted for them. It is all folly, so far as my experience goes, to think of growing the berries on dry ground, that is, ground that is dry at all seasons. To be sure, during the months of September and November, one unacquainted with the prairies would suppose, from appearances then presented, that the vines were growing on dry ground, but let him know the locality the year through, and he would find out that during the wet season the land is flooded. If a cranberry marsh is so drained that it becomes permanently dry, the vines will soon disappear. This, at any rate, is my experience, and I have tried the vines on eight different prairies and in my garden for the last four years. The experiments of sowing the berries broadcast, made for four years, failed entirely.—*Rural New Yorker.*

VALUE OF ARTICHOKES.—The New York Tribune contends that the great value of artichokes has never been understood generally by American farmers. They will produce a thousand bushels per acre with little or no cultivation, upon a moist, rich soil, and the roots will keep undug through the winter, or they may be ploughed out and fed in the fall, and hogs turned in upon the ground in the spring, to root up the small roots, and this gives the land an excellent preparation for any other crop. The same root has been long grown in all the New England States, in little patches, for the amusement of the pigs and pleasure of the boys, who are fond of digging and eating it raw in early spring. Sometimes they are used for pickles, but seldom cooked in the Northern states, while at the South they make a common dish upon many tables.

HOW TO PULL STUMPS.—Mr. A. T. Hubbard, of Cuyahoga Co., practises a very good and effective method of pulling stumps. He uses a lever 25 or 30 feet long, 14 or 15 inches in diameter at the butt, and six inches at the other end, and a chain with the links of 1¼ or 1½ inch iron. Dig under one of the main roots of the stump, pass the chain under, and lash the stump and lever securely together. Attach a strong team, say three yoke of oxen, and drive in a circle. By this means the stump will be wrenched from the ground. Twenty to fifty can be taken out by this method in a day, with three men. No patent covers this plan, and the stumps must come out, if the lever, chain, and oxen are strong enough.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SHEEP SHOULD NOT BE KEPT TOO LONG IN A SMALL FIELD.—A Woodstock (Canada) farmer says sheep have a great relish for the sweetest and most fattening productions of the earth; no animal has a greater dislike to coarse, rank grass, consequently they run over and tread it down in search of the best and sweetest food. This, however, is not all; sheep are a strong-scented animal, and wherever they huddle for any length of time, they spoil the grass, and do not thrive, which plainly shows that they require plenty of room. If the fields are small, change them often.

SAVE YOUR GRASS AND YOUR WHEAT BY ROLLING IT.—A good lawn or grass plot cannot be had without passing a roller over it, at this time of the year. Meadow lands seeded with timothy and clover, will yield one-fourth more per acre if a heavy roller is now passed over them.

An increase of two to five bushels per acre will be given to wheat fields by the use of a heavy roller at this time, and the sowing of two bushels of lime to each acre.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING.—Straw matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry; the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

WASH FOR TREES.—We have always used, says Hovey, for our trees, when infested by insects, a good thick solution of whale oil soap, scrubbing the stems first with sand and water, if badly infested, and afterwards applying the soap with a painter's brush, upon every limb where a louse or scale is to be seen. This should be done now, before the trees begin to grow, as it is a more difficult operation when they are in leaf.

TEACHING THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness, we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence—"The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

HOW THE BEAR CAME TO HAVE A SHORT TAIL.—A Norwegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied, that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurt you a little (said the friendly adviser), for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a *bite*. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good, strong bite be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A MODEL HUSBAND.—In the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1761, we find the following "mental and personal qualifications of a husband:" Great good nature, good humor, and good sense. Lively, by all means. Stupid, by no means. His person agreeable rather than handsome. No great objection to six feet, with an exact symmetry of parts. Always clean, but not foppish in his dress. Youth promises a duration of happiness, therefore is agreeable.—Well read in the classics, but no pedant. Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy. A tolerable ear for music, but no fiddler. I must repeat it again, no fiddling husband. An easy and unaffected politeness. No bully; just as much courage as is necessary to defend his own and his wife's honor. No traveller; no enthusiasm for the *certa*. May fortune smile on the man of my wishes! A freethinker in everything, except in matters of religion.

☞ A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is dark with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

Useful Receipts.

CORK DRAWING WITHOUT A CORKSCREW.—According to Dr. Faraday, the philosophic traveller's mode of drawing a cork is as follows—of course supposing him *minus* a corkscrew:—Cut off the smallest portion of the top of the cork that will leave it quite clean, and then, with sealing-wax, fasten another cork upon it, by this means obtaining a length that will allow the hand to take hold. Then draw. The attraction of the particles fastens the two corks together so firmly, that they will rather break in some other part than separate were they are thus adhering.

TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them dip the blades of the knives in the solution, then polish on a knife board. The same would, of course, be effectual for forks. This simple method will no doubt greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have to this part of domestic work.

TO CURE WENS ON CATTLE.—I take a tin cup, large enough to cover the wen, fill it about half full of unslaked lime, then nearly fill it up with soft soap, bind it on the wen tight, with strips of cloth or straps so that it will not come off. As the lime slacks, it eats the wen completely off. I tie the cow, or ox, to a hook in the beam in the centre of the stable, to prevent their rubbing off the cup. Let them stand tied four or five hours, and the work is done.—*New England Farmer.*

TO KILL BUGS IN SEED PEAS.—J. Perkins, of Euclid, Ohio, says:—On the day of sowing, put the peas into a tub, or barrel; pour on hot (not boiling) water, sufficient to immerse them; let them remain about two minutes, or until the bugs are dead; then turn them into a basket, or something that will separate them from the water quickly, and they can be sown without applying anything to dry them. This has been my practice when I have sown peas for a field crop. The degree of heat required can be ascertained by trying a few, before applying the water to the whole.

TO KEEP TEA-KETTLES CLEAN.—Water of every kind, except rain water, will speedily cover the inside of a tea-kettle with an unpleasant crust; this may be easily guarded against, by placing a clean oyster shell in the tea kettle, which will always keep it in good order, by attracting the particles of earth or stone.

TO CLEAN CANE CHAIRS.—Sponge them until soaked with soap and hot water.

TO CLEAN A CARPET.—Beat it on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side.

TO WASH GLASS.—Glass should be washed in cold water, which gives it a brighter and clearer look than when washed in warm water.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 183 letters.

My 9, 70, 139, 154, 33, 34, 119, 107, was a famous artis Troy.

My 4, 141, 123, 21, 44, 72, 13, was a maker of Jupi thunder.

My 7, 92, 164, 84, 91, 109, 8, 137, was one of the t fates.

My 10, 35, 6, 21, 37, 110, 100, 150, was the maker of Cretan Labyrinth.

My 11, 69, 159, 18, 60, 15, 150, were nymphs of Bacch

My 12, 55, 98, 75, 86, 130, 50, 31, is a spice cultiv chiefly in Ceylon.

My 20, 26, 29, 89, 45, 145, 141, was a daughter of Ag emnon and Clytemnestra.

My 22, 23, 48, 57, 30, 81, was the daughter of Miletu

My 25, 27, 6, 1, 3, 12, was a captain in the American N in the war of 1812.

My 32, 40, 161, 91, 121, 49, 163, 79, 2, 50, 126, 136, 112, 100, 146, was a title of Cybele.

My 41, 63, 65, 101, 77, are now used in France, to m sugar.

My 46, 33, 49, 100, 17, was a title of the sun.

My 54, 14, 77, 36, 19, 111, was the Gallic name for god Mars.

My 62, 74, 97, 116, 123, 122, was the author of a res tion which caused much debate in Congress ring the Mexican war.

My 73, 66, 153, 55, is an action, a legal writing, &c.

My 83, 109, 115, 114, we would be very awkward if had not.

My 87, 155, 152, 90, 103, 94, 89, 102, is a red ore of qui silver.

My 88, 8, 135, 97, 46, 128, 96, is a room in almost ev house.

My 96, 93, 129, 125, 142, 69, 62, 47, is a county in T nessee.

My 104, 151, 106, 78, 66, 76, was a goddess of new-b infants.

My 118, 85, 94, 128, 157, are caused by the attra power of the moon.

My 131, 50, 51, 121, 57, 165, is a small part of an thing.

My 133, 79, 105, 80, 72, is a sense.

My 134, 130, 30, 117, 92, 120, 75, was a goddess of h and stables.

My 137, 138, 152, means small.

My 143, 140, 150, 39, 131, 99, 61, 122, 110, 90, was a S of the Declaration of Independence.

My 148, 145, 147, 127, is a lately issued work in volumes.

My 146, 6, 76, 62, 89, is to speak slowly as if it was pain to speak fast.

My 160, 86, 71, 39, 19, 9, 25, was the goddess of piness.

My whole was an act of Napoleon, which served change the feelings of many Americans from respect love for his character to hatred. J. D. T. M

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 14, 18, 11, 20, 9, 7, 20, 27, is a city in Georgia.

My 18, 2, 3, 20, 27, is a city in Austria.

My 20, 13, 5, 7, 20, is a town in Wisconsin.

My 11, 29, 9, 1, 12, 25, 16, is a county in Ohio.

My 29, 8, 22, 4, 19, 7, is a city in Texas.

My 28, 20, 6, 10, 2, is a town in Maine.

My 20, 26, 24, 14, 21, 29, is the capital of one of the E ern States.

My 23, 8, 17, 20, 9, is a county in Georgia.

My 9, 15, 20, 25, 29, 25, 20, is a county in New York. C. L. I

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 26, 14, 5, 18, 23, was a Grecian phi

My 24, 9, 26, 4, 2, 3, 10, is a kind of pl

My 17, 8, 15, 11, 6, was a celebrated battle-field.

My 26, 14, 7, 12, is a river in Germany.

My 13, 21, 14, 15, 1, 3, is a part of the throat.

My 6, 21, 9, 15, was a wife of Jupiter.

My 10, 9, 5, 20, 12, 1, 26, 8, is a geometrical term.

My 4, 14, 9, 18, is one of the asteroids.

My 22, 26, 4, 9, 6, 5, 14, is an arithmetical term.

My 27, 3, 4, 15, is a Greek root.

My whole was an important event in the early hi of the United Colonies.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With speed the lady winds her way,
To 'scape from Summer's heat,
And in my *first* without delay
She takes an easy seat;
Much wealth has she, and nought to do
Save for her health to roam;
She takes her little lap-dog, who
My *second* is at home.

My *whole* is trampled under feet,
And often pierced with nails,
And often is turned out and beat—
Behavior nought avails. GAHM

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* I hope you'll never be
While talking politics;
My *second* I think is a vowel
In any way you can fix.

My *third* is a great invention,
'Tis used in almost every city,
And if you can't guess its name
I think it would be a pity.

My *fourth* is used in travelling,
And by it we save much time;
My *whole* is a noted island
Situated in a southern clime.

Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING P

My first is nothing but a name;
My second is more small;
My whole is of so little fame,
It has no name at all.

Dorset, Ills. LEV

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING P

There are two towers situated on a plain a other. The height of the higher is 40 feet, height of the lower is 30 feet. How far from the each must the foot-ladder, whose length is equ distance between the tops of the towers, be p that it will just reach the top of either.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MAR

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is some of the boarding-house Shakspeare's idea of woman? Ans.—Because tea) frailty.

☞ When is the letter x as noisy as a Ans.—When it's x pounding and x plaining.

☞ When is a ship likean apprentice? An she's "bound out."

☞ Why is the gravy of a leg of pork the be in the world? Ans.—Because there's no Jew like it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Frances Sha good. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—A Eagle. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Bay lor. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Lord Charles Cornwallis. CHARADE.—Lieutenan n-ten-ant.] RIDDLE.—Alcohol. RIDDLE. thorn. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—51

DISINTERESTED GRIEF.—Cooke, the dian, was in the habit of giving ord widow lady, who was once sitting in with her little girl when their friend former was about to be stabbed by rival. Roused by the supposed immi his danger, the girl started up, exclaim "Oh! don't kill him, sir—don't kill If you do, he won't give us any orders!"

Her disinterested grief, like the gu some people, was a lively sense of come.—*Green-Room Stories.*